

The VVile-woman
Of HOODON.
A COMEDIE.

*As it hath been sundry times Acted
with great Applause.*

Written by THO: HAYWOOD.

Aut prodesse solent, aut Delectare.



LONDON,
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the Signe of the Bible, between Serjeants-
Inne and Fleet-street. 1638.



Drammatis Personæ.

Young Chartley, *A wild-headed Gentleman.*

Boyster, *a blunt fellow.*

Sencer, *a conceited Gentleman.*

Haringfield, *a Civil Gentleman.*

Luce, *a Gold-Smiths Daughter.*

Luce's Father, *a Gold-Smith.*

Joseph, *the Gold-Smiths Apprentice.*

Old Master Chartley.

Young Chartleyes man.

Old Charleyes man.

Sir Harry, *A Knight, who is no piece of a Scholler.*

Gratiana, *Sir Harryes Daughter.*

Taber, *Sir Harryes man.*

Sir Boniface, *a ignorant Pedant, or Schoolmaster.*

The Wisewoman of Hogf-
lan, *who beares the name of the Drama.*

Cowryman, *Clyent to the Wisewoman.*

A Kitchin-mayd, *and two Citizens Wives, that come to the Wisewoman for counsel.*

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THE WISE-WOMAN OF HOGSDON.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

*Enter, as newly come from play, seare young Gentlemen,
Master Chartley, Master Sencer, M. Boyster,
and Master Haringfield.*

Chartley.

Rice of my life: now if the Devill have bones,
these Dyce are made of his. Was ever such a
cast scene in this Age? Could any Gull in Eu-
rope (saving my selfe) sling such a cast?
Boyster. Eyc. Chart. No.

Boyster. Yes.

*Chart. But I say no: I have lost an hundred pound,
And I will have my saying.*

*Boyst. I have lost an other hundred, He have mine.
Ey, yes, I flung a worse: a worse by oddes.*

*Chart. I cry you mercy sir, loofers may speake,
He not except: gainst you: but let me see
Which of these two that pocket up our Cash
Dares contradict me?*

Sencer. Sir, not I:

I say you have had bad casting.

Haring. So say I.

*Chart. I say this Hatt's not made of wooll:
Which of you all dares say the contrary?*

Sencer. It may bee this is he.

Haring. Very likely. But I know not what he is.
Beaver.

Chart. The Wench that I lov'd, she would faine play a quarrell with them, to get some of my money againe; but she saies now they have got my wife to part with it.
I say it is not blacke.

Haring. So say wee too.

Boys. 'Tis false: his Cap's of Wooll, 'tis blacke, and Wooll, and Wooll and blacke.

Chart. I have nought to say to losers.

Have I nothing left to set at a Cast? Ey finger,
Must you be set in gold, and not a joyn of silver in my purse?
A Bale of fresh Dice. Hee, come at this Ring.

Sencer. Fie M. Charley, 'tis time to give over.

Chart. 'Tis the Winners phrase. Hold me play,
Or hee that hath uncrown'd me. He take a speedie order
with him.

Boys. Fresh dice: this Lewell I will venture more.
Take this and all. He play in spite of lucke.

Haring. Since you will needs trip for the Dice,
I see it is hard to get a winner from this company.

Chart. The Dice are mine:

This Diamond I valew at twentie markes:
He venture it at a throw.

Haring. 'Tis let you.

Chart. Then at all. All's mine. Nay M. Boys,
I barre you: let us worke upon the winners.
Gramercy Sinks: Nay, though I owe you no quarrell, yet
you must give mee leave to draw.

Haring. I had rather you should draw your sword,
Then draw my money thus.

Chart. Againe sweet Dice: nay I barre swearing,
Gentlemen, let's play patiently. Well, this
At the Candlestickes, so —

Boys. Now Dice at all. To tho, quoth the Spaniard.

Sen. Precious lucke.

Boy. Yes, I should be glad to have silver;

It goes and comes so fast: there's no man that

Having does pass all with Trayer.

Chart. With Trayer, how say by that?

On his old dogge at Bowles and Trayer.

Sen. Lend me some money: be my halfe one Cast.

Ile once out-brave this Gamester with a throw.

So now the Dice are mine, wilt be my halfe?

Having. I will.

Sen. Then once Ile play the Franck Gamester.

Let mee but see how much you both can make,

And Ile cast at all, all, every Crosse.

Chart. Now blesse us all, what will you every Crosse?

Sen. I will not leave my selfe one Crosse to blesse me.

Boy. I see.

Chart. And so doe I.

Sen. Why then at all. How I *(He sings out.)*

Chart. Nay, sweare not, lets play patiently.

Sen. Damn'd Dice: did ever Gamester see the like?

Boy. Never, never.

Sen. Was ever knowne such Casting?

Chart. Drunken or sober, I ne're saw a man cast worse.

Sen. Ile prove this Hat of mine an Helmet.

Which of you here dares say the contrary?

Chart. As faire an Helmet as any man in *Europe*
Needs to wear.

Sen. *Chartley*, thy Hat is blacke.

Chart. Vpon better recollection, 'tis so indeed.

Sen. I say 'tis made of Woolf.

Chart. True; my losing had tooke away my Senses,
Both of Seeing and Feeling: but better lucke
Hath brought them to their right temper.

But come, a box of Dice: 'tis time to give over.

Sen. All games are times for winners to give over,
But not for them that lose. Ile play till midnight,

But I will change my lucke.

The Wife-woman of Hogsdon.

Haring. Come, come, you shall not.
Give over : tush give over : doe I pray,
And chuse the Fortune of some other hower :
Let's not like debosh'd fellows, play our Clothes,
Belts, Rapiers, nor our needfull ornaments :
'Tis childish, not becomming Gentlemen.
Play was at first ordain'd to passe the time ;
And sir, you but abuse the use of Play,
To employ it other wise.

Sencer. You may perswade me —
For once Ile leave a looser.

Chart. Then come put on your Helmet ; let's leave this
abominable Game, and find out some better Exercise. I can-
not indure this chasing when men loose.

Senc. And there's not a more testie waspish Companion
then thy selfe when thou art a looser, and yet thou must bee
vexing others with, Play patiently Gentlemen, and lets have
no swearing.

Chart. A signe that I can give good counsell better than
take it : but say, Where be the prettiest wenches, my hearts ?

Senc. Well remembred, this puts mee in mind of an ap-
pointment I had with a Gentlewoman of some respect.

Chart. I have you sir, I have you ; but I think you will ne-
ver have her : 'tis *Gratiana* the Knights daughter in Graci-
ous Street. Have I toucht you ?

Senc. You have come somewhat neere me, but toucht me
not. Master *Haringfield*, will you beare me company thither ?
Have you seene the Gentlewoman, M. *Charley* ?

Chart. Never sir.

Sencer. How have you heard of her ?

Chart. That shee hath, as other women have,
That she goes for a Mayd, as others doe, &c.

Senc. I can assure you, shee is a proper Gentlewoman.

Chart. Then if she have you, she is like to have a proper
Gentleman.

Senc. You should tell them so that know it not.
Adjew Gentlemen.

Ex. Sencer, and Haring.

Boyster.

The Wife-woman of Hogsdon.

Boyſter. I am glad yet they goe ſo lightly away.

Chart. What will you doe *M. Boyſter*?

Boyſt. Somewhat.

Chart. You will not acquaint me with your buſineſſe.

Boyſt. No: I am in love, my head is full of Proclamations. There is a thing call'd a Virgin. Nature hath ſhewed her Art in making her. Court her I cannot, but Ile doe as I may.

Chart. Doe you goe, or ſtay ſir?

Senc. Goe.

Exit Sencer.

Chart. You before, Ile follow. He thinkes with his blunt humour, to enter as farre as I with my ſharpe: No, my true Trojan, no: There is a faire ſweet modeſt rogue, her name is *Luce*: with this Dandiprat, this pretty little Apes face, is yon blunt fellow in love; and no marvell, for ſhee hath a Browe bewitching, Eyes raviſhing, and a Tongue enchanting; And indeed ſhee hath no fault in the world but one, and that is, ſhee is honeſt: and were it not for that, ſhee were the onely ſweet Rogue in Chriſtendome. As I live, I love her extreameſly, and to enjoy her would give any thing: But the foole ſtands in her owne light, and will doe nothing without Marriage: but what ſhould I doe marrying? I can better indure Givcs, than Bands of Matrimonie. But in this Meditation, I am glad I have wonne my Money againe. Nay, and ſhee may be glad of it too: for the Girlc is but poore, and in my pocket I have layd up a Stocke for her, 'tis put to uſe alreadie. And if I meeete not with a Dyce-houſe, or an Ordinary by the way, no queſtion but I may increaſe it to a ſumme. Well, Ile unto the Exchange to buy her ſome prettie Noveltye: That done, Ile viſite my little Rascal, and ſollicite inſtantly.

Exennt.

Actus.

Actus primus, Scona secunda.

*Enter Luce in a Scampstere shop, at worke upon a last'd
Handkercher, and Joseph a Prentice.*

Luce. Where is my Father? *Joseph.*

Joseph. Mistresse, above,

And prayes you to attend below a little.

Luce. I do not love to sit thus publikely;

And yet upon the traffique of our Wares,

Our provident Eyes and presence must still wayte.

Doe you attend the shop, Ile ply my worke.

I see my Father is not jelous of me,

That trusts mee to the open view of all.

The reason is, hee knowes my thoughts are chaste,

And my care such, as that it needes the awe

Of no strict Overseer. *Enter M. Boyster.*

Boyst. Yonders *Luce.* Save thee.

Luce. And you too, sir, y' are welcom; want you ought,
I pray, in which our Trade may furnish you?

Boyst. Yes.

Luce. *Joseph,* shew the Gentleman.

Boyst. Tis heere that I would buy.

Luce. What doe you meane sir, speake, what ist you lack?
I pray you wherefore doe you fixe your eyes
So firmly in my face? what would you have?

Boyst. Thee.

Luce. Me?

Boyst. Yes, thee.

Luce. Your pleasure is to jest, and so I take it.
Pray give me leave sir, to intend my worke.

Boyst. You are fayre.

Luce. You flout mee.

Boyst. You are, goe too, you are,
Ile vex you high that should say the contrary.

Luce. Well, you may say your pleasure.

Boyst. I

The Wise woman of Hogden.

Boysf. I love thee.

Luce. Oh Sir!

Boysf. As I live, I doe.

Luce. Now as I am a true Maid,
The most religious oath that I dare sweare,
I hold my selfe indebted to your love:
And I am sorry there remains in mee,
No power how to requite it.

Boysf. Love mee, prethee now, doe if thou canst.

Luce. I cannot.

Boysf. Prethee, if thou canst.

Luce. Indeed I cannot.

Boysf. Yet aske thine heart, and see what may be done.

Luce. In troth I am sorry you should spend a sigh
For my sake unrequited, or a teare;
Ey, or a word.

Boysf. 'Tis no matter for my words, they are not many,
And those not very wise one's neither.

Luce. Yet I beseech you spend no more in vaine.
I scorne you not; Disclaime as farre from mee,
As are the two Poles distant: therefore Sir,
Because I would not hold you in suspence,
But tell you what at first to trust unto,
Thus in a word, I must not fancie you.

Boysf. Must not?

Luce. I cannot, nor I may not.

Boysf. I am gone:

Thou hast given me, *Luce*, a Bone to gnaw upon?

Exit.

Luce. Alas, that Beauty should be sought of more
Then can enjoy it: might I have my wish,
I would seeme faire but onely in his eye,
That should possesse mee in a Nuptiall tye.

*Enter yong Master Charley, with Gloues,
Ring, Purse, &c.*

Charl. Morrow *Luce*; In exchange of this kisse, see
what

The Wise-woman of Hogswallow.

what I have brought thee from the Exchange.

Luce. What meane you Sir, by this?

Chart. Guesse that by the circumstance, here's a Ring, weare't for my sake; twenty Angels, pocket them you foole; come, come, I know thou art a Maid, say nay, and take them.

Luce. Sweet Master *Chartley*, doe not fasten on me, More then with ease I can shake off: your Gift I reverence, yet refuse; and I pray tell mee, Why doe you make so many Errands hither? Send me so many Letters? fasten on me So many favours? what's your meaning in't?

Char. Harke in thine eare, Ile tell thee; nay heare me out, is't possible to soft a body should have so hard a soule? Nay now I know my penance, you will be angry, and schoole me for tempting your modesty: a figge for this modesty, it hinders many a good man from many a good turne, & that's all the good it doth. If thou but knewst, *Luce*, how I love thee, thou wouldst be farre more tractable. Nay, I barre chiding when you speake, Ile stop thy lips if thou dost but offer an angry word, by this hand Ile do's, and with this hand too. Goe to now, what say you?

Luce. Sir, if you love me, as you say you doe, Shew me the fruits thereof.

Chart. The stocke I can, thou maist see the fruits hereafter.

Luce. Can I beleevve you love mee, when you seeke The shipwrack of mine Honour?

Chart. Honour! there's another word to flap in a mans mouth: Honour! what shouldst thou and I stand upon our Honour, that were neither of us yet, Right Worshipfull?

Luce. I am sorry Sir, I have lent so large an eare To such a bad discourse; and I protest After this houre, never to doe the like. I must confesse, of all the Gentlemen That ever courted mee, you have possesse

The Wise-woman of Hogsdon.

The best part in my thoughts : but this coarse language
Exiles you quite from thence. Sir, had you come,
In stead of changing this mine honest name
Into a Strumpets, to have honoured me
With the chaste Title of a Modest Wife;
I had reserv'd an care for all your suits :
But since I see your rudenesse finds no limit,
I leave you to your lust.

Chart. You shall not, *Luce.*

Luce. Then keepe your tongue within more moderate
bounds.

Chart. I will, as I am vertuous, I will : I told you, the
second word would be Marriage. It makes a man forfeit
his Freedome, and makes him walke ever after with a
Chaine at his heeles, or a Jack-an-Apes hanging at his el-
bow : Marriage is like *Dadalus* his labyrinth, and being
once in, there's no finding the way out. Well, I love this
little property most intollerably, and I must set her on the
Lust, though it cost me all the shooes in my shiop. Well
Luce, thou seest my stomacke is come downe ; thou hast my
heart already, there's my hand.

Luce. But in what way ?

Chart. Nay, I know not the way yet, but I hope to find
it hereafter, by your good direction.

Luce. I meane, in what manner ? in what way ?

Chart. In the way of marriage, in the way of honesty, in
the way that was never gone yet : I hope thou art a Maid,
Luce.

Luce. Yes Sir, and I accept it ; in exchange
Of this your hand, you shall receive my heart.

Charley. A bargaine, and there's earnest on thy
lips,

Luce. Ile call my Father, Sir, to witnesse it :
See, here hee comes.

The Wise-woman of Hogsdon.

Enter her Father, a plaine Gentleman.

Chart. Father, save you, you have happened of an untoward Son-in-Law; here I am, how do you like mee?

Father. Sir, I was nearer then you were aware,
And over-heard both summe and circumstance.

Chart. Then I perceive you are an old Eves-dropper:
But what doe you thinke of it, Father?

Father. I entertaine the motion with all love,
And I rejoyce my Daughter is prefer'd,
And rais'd to such a match; I heard the contract,
And will confirme it gladly: but pray Sir,
When shall the merry day be?

Chart. Marry, even to morrow by that we can see; nay,
wee'll lose no more time, he take order for that.

Luce. Stay but a month.

Chart. A month I thou canst not hire me too't. Why
Luce. if thou beest hungry, canst thou stay a month from
meat? Nay, if I see my diet before me, I love to fall too
when I have a stomacke. Here, buy thee a new Smocke;
let's have a new Bed too, and looke it be strong: there's a
box of Rings and Jewels, lay them up. Ha ha, me thinks
the very name of Wedlock hath brought me to a Night-cap
already, and I am grownne civill on the sudden. There's
more money for Dishes, Platters, Ladles, Candlesticks, &c.
as I shall find them set downe in the Inventorie.

Father. But whom shall wee invite unto the Wedding?

*Enter 3^d. Luce, a young Country Gentlewoman, in the habit
of a Page, and overheares their discourse.*

Chart. Ey, thereby hangs a Tale, we will have no more
at our marriage, but my selfe, to say, I take thee *Luce*; thou
to say, I *Luce* take thee *Robin*: the Vicar to put us together,
and you Father, to play the Clerke, and cry *Amen*.

Father.

The Wise-woman of Hogsdon.

Father. Your reason for that.

Charl. I would not for a world it should be knowne to my Friends, or come to my Fathers eare. It may bee tenne thousand pounds out of my way for the present: therefore this is my conceite, Let us bee married privately, and *Luce* shall live like a Mayde still, and beare the Name. Tis nothing *Luce*: it is a common thing in this age to goe for a Mayde, and bee none. He frequent the house secretly: feare not *Charl*, though I revell abroad a dayes, He bee with thee to bring a nights, my little Whiting Mopp.

Luce. But so I may incurre a publike scandall, By your so oft frequenting to my Chamber.

Charl. Scandall? what scandall? Why to stopp the mouth of all scandall; after some few dayes doe I appeare in my likenesse, married man and honest house-keeper, and then what becomes of your scandall? Come, send for Mr. *Vicar*, and what we doe, lets doe suddenly.

2. *Luce.* Cold comfort for me.

Luce. If you purpose to be so privately married, I know one excellent at such an exploit: are you not acquainted with the *Wise-woman* of Hogsdon?

Charley. O the Witch, the Beldame, the Hagge of Hogsdon.

Luce. The same, but I hold her to bee of no such condition. I will anon make a stepp thither; and particularly acquaint her with all our proceedings: there is never without a Sir *John* at her elbow, ready for such a stratagem.

Charl. Well, bee't so then.

Exeunt.

2. *Luce.* Heigh ho: have I disguis'd my selfe, and stolne out of the Countrey thus farre, and can light of no better newes to entertaine mee? Oh this wild-headed wicked *Charley*, whome nothing will tame. To this Gallant was I poore Gentle-woman betroathed, and the Marriage day appoynted: But hee out of a fantastick and

The Wise-woman of Hogsden.

giddy humour, before the time prefixed, posts up to London. After him come I thus habited, and you see my welcome, to bee an eye-witnesse of his second Contracting. Modestie would not suffer mee to discover my selfe, otherwise, I should have gone neere to have marred the match. I heard them talke of *Hogsden*, and a *Wise-woman*, where these Aymes shall bee brought to Action. Ile see if I can insinuate my selfe into her service: that's my next project: and now good luck of my side.

Exit.

Explicit Actus primus.

Actus secundus, Scena prima.

Enter the Wise-woman and her Clyents, a Country-man with an Urinall, foure Women like Citizens wives, Taber a Serving-man, and a Chamber-mayd.

Wise-woman. Fic, fic, what a royle, and a moyle it is, For a woman to bee wiser then all her neighbours? I pray good people, presse not too fast upon me; Though I have two cares, I can heare but one at once. You with the Vrine.

Enter 2. Luce, and stands aside.

Countryman. Here forsooth Mistresse.

Wise-w. And who distill'd this water?

Country. My wives Limbeck, if it please you.

Wise-w. And where doth the paine hold her most?

Country. Marry at her heart forsooth.

Wise-w. Ey, at her heart, shee hath a griping at her heart.

Country. You have hit it right.

Wise-w.

The Wise-woman of Hogsdon.

Wisewo. Nay, I can see so much in the Vrine.

2. *Luce.* Iust so much as is told her.

Wisewo. Shee hath no paine in her head, hath shee?

Countrysw. No indeed, I never heard her complaine of her head.

Wisewo. I told you so, her paine lyes all at her heart :
Alas good heart ! but how feeles shee her stomacke ?

Countrysw. O queasie, and sicke at stomacke.

Wisewo. Ey, I warrant you, I thinke I can see as farre into a Mill-stone as another : you have heard of Mother *Nottingham*, who for her time, was prettily well skill'd in casting of Waters : and after her, Mother *Bombye* ; and then there is one *Hatfield* in Pepper-Alley, hee doth prettie well for a thing that's lost. There's another in *Coleharbour*, that's skill'd in the Planets. Mother *Sturton* in *Goulden-lane*, is for Forespeaking : Mother *Phillips* of the *Banke-side*, for the weaknesse of the backe : and then there's a very reverent Matron on *Clarkenwell-Green*, good at many things : Mistris *Mary* on the *Banke-side*, is for recting a Figure : and one (what doe you call her) in *Westminster*, that practiseth the Booke and the Key, and the Sive and the Sheares : and all doe well, according to their talent. For my selfe, let the world speake : harke you my friend, you shall take— (*Shee whispers.*)

2. *Luce.* 'Tis strange the Ignorant should be thus fool'd.

What can this Witeh, this Wizard, or old Trot,

Doe by Inchantment, or by Magicke spell ?

Such as professe that Art should be deepe Schollers.

What reading can this simple Woman have ?

'Tis palpable grosse foolery.

Wisewo. Now friend, your businesse ?

Taber. I have stolne out of my Masters house, forsooth, with the Kitchin-Mayd, and I am come to know of you, whether it be my fortune to have her, or no.

Wisewo. And what's your suit, Lady ?

Kitchin. Forsooth, I come to know whether I be a Maïd or no.

Wisewo.

The Wife-woman of Hogsdan.

Wifew. Why, art thou in doubt of that?

Kitchin. It may bee I have more reason then all the world knowes.

Taber. Nay, if thou com'st to know whether thou beest a Maid or no, I had best aske to know whether I be with child or no.

Wifew. Withdraw into the Parlour there, He but talke with this other Gentlewoman, and He resolve you presently.

Taber. Come *Sisty*, if shee cannot resolve thee, I can, and in the Case of a Mayden-head doe more then shee, I warrant thee.

Exeunt.

The Wom. Forsooth I am bold, as they say.

Wifew. You are welcome Gentlewoman.—

Wom. I would not have it knowne to my Neighbours, that I come to a Wise-woman for any thing, by my truly.

Wifewom. For should your Husband come and find you here.

Wom. My Husband woman, I am a Widdow.

Wifewom. Where are my braines? 'tis true, you are a Widdow; and you dwell, let me see, I can never remember that place.

Wom. In *Kentstreet*.

Wifewom. *Kentstreet, Kentstreet!* and I can tell you wherefore you come.

Wom. Why, and say true?

Wifewom. You are a Wagge, you are a Wagge: why, what doe you thinke now I would say?

Wom. Perhaps, to know how many Husbands I should have.

Wifewom. And if I should say so, should I say amisse?

Wom. I thinke you are a Witch.

Wifewom. In, in, He but reade a little of *Ptolomie*, and *Erra Pater*; and when I have cast a Figure, He come to you presently.

Exit Wom.

Now

The Wise-woman of Hoxford.

Now Wagge, what wouldst thou have?

2. *Luce.* If this were a Wisewoman, shee could tell that without asking. Now methinkes I should come to know whether I were a Boy or a Girle; forsooth I lacke a service.

Wise. By my Fidelitie, and I want a good trusty Lad.

2. *Luce.* Now could I sigh, and say, Alas, this is some Bawd trade-falne, and out of her wicked experience, is come to bee reputed wise. He serve her, bee't but to pry in to the mysterie of her Science.

Wise. A proper stripling, and a wise, I warrant him; here's a penie for thee, He hire thee for a yeare by the Statute of *Winchester*: prove true and honest, and thou shalt want nothing that a good Boy—

2. *Luce.* Here Wise-woman you are out againe, I shall want what a good Boy should have; whilst I live: well, here I shall live both unknowne, and my Sex unsuspected. But whom have wee here?

Enter Master Haringfield, and Charley

halfe drunke.

Char. Come *Haringfield*, now wee have beene drinking of Mother Red-caps Ale, let us now goe make some sport with the Wise-woman.

Haring. Wee shall be thought very wise men, of all such as shall see us goe in to the Wise-woman.

Charley. See, heere shee is: how now Witch? How now Hagge? How now Beldame? You are the Wise-woman, are you? and have wit to keepe your selfe warme enough, I warrant you.

Wise. Out thou knave.

2. *Luce.* And will these wild oates never be sowne?

Char. You Inchantresse, Sorceresse, Shee-devill, you Madam *Hecate*, Lady *Presappin*, you are too old, you Hagge, now, for conjuring up Spirits your selfe; but you keepe prettie yong Witches under your rooffe, that can doe that.

The Wise-woman of Hogsden.

Wife. I, or my Family conjure up any Spirits! I defie thee, thou yong Hare-brain'd

Haring. Forbear him till he have his Senses about him, and I shall then hold thee for a Wife-woman indeed: otherwise, I shall doubt thou hast thy name for nothing. Come friend, away, if thou lovest me.

Chart. Away you old Dromadary, Ile come one of these nights, and make a racket amongst your Shee-Catterwaullers.

Haring. I prethee let's be civill.

Chart. Out of my sight, thou Shee-mastiffe. *Exeunt.*

2. *Luce.* Patience, sweet Mistris.

Wife. Now blisse mee, hee hath put mee into such a feare, as makes all my bones to dance, and rattle in my skin: Ile be reveng'd on that swaggering companion.

2. *Luce.* Mistris, I wish you would, hee's a meere Mad-cap, and all his delight is in mistaking such reverent Matrons as your selfe.

Wife. Well, what's thy name, Boy?

2. *Luce.* I am even little better then a Turn-broach, for my name is *Iacke*.

Wife. Honest *Iacke*, if thou couldst but devise how I might cry quittance with this churing *Dicke*, I will goe heart to adopt thee my Sonne and heire.

2. *Luce.* Mistris, there is a way, and this it is: To morrow morning doth this Gentleman Intend to marry with one Mistris *Luce*, A Gold-smiths Daughter; doe you know the Maid?

Wife. My Daughter, and a prettie young face & Girl. I had a note but late from her, and shee meanes To be with me in th' evening; for I have bespoken Sir *Boniface* to marry her in the morning.

2. *Luce.* Doe but prevent this Gallant of his Wife, And then your wrongs shall be reveng'd at full.

Wife. Ile doe't, as I am Matron; Ey, and shew him a new trick for his learning.

Enter

The Wise Woman of Hogsden.

Enter Master Boylster.

Boylst. Morrow! *Wife.* Y'are welcome Sir.

Boylst. Art wife?

2. Luce. Hee should be wise, because hee speakes few words.

Wife. I am as I am, and there's an end.

Boylst. Canst conjure?

Wife. Oh that's a foule word! but I can tell you your Fortune, as they say; I have some little skill in Palmistry, but never had to doe with the devill.

Boylst. And had the devill never any thing to doe with thee? thou look'st somewhat like his damme. Looke on mee canst tell what I ayle?

Wife. Can you tell your selfe? I should guesse, you be mad, or not well in your wits.

Boylst. Th'art wife, I am so; men being in love, are mad, And I being in love, am so.

Wife. Nay, if I see your complexion once, I thinke I can guesse as neare as another.

Boylst. One Mistris *Luce* I love, knowst thou her, Grannam?

Wife. As well as the Beggar knowes his Dish. Why shee is one of my Daughters.

Boylst. Make her my wife, Ile give thee forty pieces.

2. Luce. Take them Mistris, to be reveng'd on *Charley*.

Wife. A bargain, strike me luck, cease all your sorrow, Faire *Luce* shall be your Bride betimes to morrow.

Boylst. Th'art a good Grannam; and, but that thy teeth stand like hedge-stakes in thy head, I'de kisse thee. *Exit.*

Wife. Pray will you in; come hither *Luce*, I have A new tricke come into my head, wilt thou Assist mee in't?

2. Luce. If it concerne the crossing of the marriage with Mistris *Luce*, Ile do't what e're it be.

Wife. Thou shalt be tyred like a woman; can you make a curtesie, take small strides, simper, and seeme modest? me thinkes thou hast a woman's voyce already.

The Wife-men of Hogsdan.

2. *Luce*. Doubt not of me, Ile act them naturally.

Wifewo. I have conceited, to have *Luce* married to this blunt Gentleman; shee mistaking him for *Charley*, and *Charley* shall marry thee, being a Boy, and take thee for *Luce*. Wilt not be excellent?

2. *Luce*. Oh super, super-excellent!

Wifewo. Play but thy part, as Ile act mine, Ile fit him with a Wife, I warrant him.

2. *Luce*. And a Wife Ile warrant him.

Exeunt.

Enter Old Sir Harry, and his man Taber.

Sir Har. Ha, then thou sawest them whispering with my Daughter.

Tab. I saw them, if it shall please you, not whisper, but—

Sir Har. How then, thou knave?

Taber. Marry Sir Knight, I saw them in sad talke; but to say they were directly whispering, I am not able.

Sir Har. Why *Taber*, that sad talke was whispering.

Taber. Nay, they did not greatly whisper, for I heard what was said, and what was said, I have the wit to keepe to my selfe.

Sir Har. What said the unthrift, *Taber*, tell me knave? Tell me, good knave, what did the unthrift say?

Taber. I am loath to be call'd in question about men and womens matters, but as soone as ever he saw your Daughter, I heard what was spoke.

Sir Har. Here sirra, take thy Quarters wages afore-hand, and tell me all their words, and what their greeting was at their first encounter; hold thine hand.

Taber. Thanks, Noble Sir, and now Ile tell you. Your daughter being walking to take the aire of the fields, and I before her; whom should wee meet just in the nicke?

Sir Har. Just in the nicke, man?

Taber. In the high-way I meant, Sir.

Sir Har. Ha, and what conference past betwext them, *Taber*?

Taber. As well as my Pipe can utter, you shall know Sir.
This

The Wife-monger of Hagsdon.

This Gentleman meeting with my yong Mistris full butt; imagine you were she, and I yong Master Sencer; now there you come, and here I meet you; he comes in this manner, and put off his hat in this fashion.

Sir Har. I, but what said hee?

Taber. Be with you, faire Gentlewoman; and so goes quite away, and farrs so much as once look'e backe: and if this were language to offer to a yong Ladie, judge you.

Sir Har. But spake hee nothing else?

Taber. Nothing as I am true.

Sir Har. Why man, all this was nothing.

Taber. Yes Sir, it was as much as my Quarters wages afore-hand.

*Enter Master Sencer, Master Haringfield,
and Gratiana.*

Grat. Here are two Gentlemen with great desire,
Crave conference with my Father: here he is,
Now Gallants, you may freely speake your minds.

Senc. Save you Sir, my name is Sencer; I am a Northampton-shire Gentleman, borne to a thousand pound Land by the yeare: I love your Daughter, and I am come to crave your good-will.

Sir Har. Have you my Daughters, that you covet mine?

Senc. No Sir, but I hope in time I shall have.

Sir Har. So hope not I. Sir, Sir, my Daughters yong, and you a Gentleman unknowne, Sencer? ha, Sencer? O Sir, your name I now remember well, 'tis rank't amongst un-thrifts, dicers, swaggerers, and drunkards: were not you brought before me, some moneth since, for beating of the Watch, by the same token, I sent you to the Counter?

Senc. I confesse my selfe to have beene in that action, but note the cause, Sir: you could not have pleasur'd mee so much, in giving mee a piece of gold, as at the same time to helpe me to that Counter.

Sir Har. Why Sir, what cause had you to beat the Watch, and raise a midnight tumult in the streets?

The Wise-woman of Hogsdon.

Sen. Nay, but heare mee, sweet Sir Harry: Being somewhat late at Supper at the *Miser*, the doores were shut at my Lodging, I knock't at three or foure places more, all were a-bed, and fast: Innes, Tavernes, none would give me entertainment. Now, would you have had me despair'd, and layne in the streets? No, I bethought me of a tricke worth two of that, and presently devis'd, having at that time a charge of money about me, to be lodg'd, and safely too.

Sir Har. As how, I pray you?

Sen. Marry thus: I had knockt my heeles against the ground a good while, knew not where to have a Bed for love nor money. Now what did I? but spying the Watch, went and hit the Constable a good fowse on the Eare, who provided me of a lodging presently; and the next day, being brought before your Worship, I was then sent thither backe againe, where I lay three or foure dayes, without controule.

Sir Har. O, y'are a Gallant! is that Gentleman A Suitor too?

Haring. I am a Suitor in my friends behalfe,
No otherwise: I can assure you, Sir,
He is a Gentleman discended well,
Deriv'd from a good house, well quallify'd,
And well posselt; but that which most should move you,
Hee loves your Daughter.

Grat. But were I to chuse,
Which of these two should please my fancie best,
I sooner should affect this Gentleman,
For his mind carriage, and his faire discourse,
Then my hot Suitor; Ruffians I detest:
A smooth and square behaviour likes mee best.

Sen. What say you to me, Lady.

Gratian. You had best aske my Father what I should say.

Sen. Are you angry, sweet Lady, that I ask't your Father's consent?

Grat.

The Wise-woman of Hogsdon.

Grat. No, if you can get his consent to marry him, shall it displeale mee?

Haring. Indeed you therein much forget your selfe,
To found her Father e're you tasted her.
You should have first sought meanes for her good-will,
And after compass his.

Sir Har. He can prevaile with neither: Gentlemen,
If you will come to revell, you are welcome;
If to my Table, welcome; if to use mee
In any gratefull Office, welcome too:
But if you come as Suitors, there's the doore.

Senc. The doore!

Sir Har. I say the doore.

Senc. Why Sir? tell not me of your doore, nor going
out of it, your companie is faire and good; and so is your
Daughters; Ile stay here this twelve-moneth, e're Ile offer
to trouble your doore.

Sir Har. Sir, but you shall not. *Taber!* where's that
knave?

Senc. Why Sir, I hope you doe not meane to make us
dance, that you call for a *Taber*.

Haring. Nay Master *Sencer*, doe not urge the Knight,
Hee is incenst now, chuse a fitter houre,
And tempt his love in that: old men are testie,
Their rage, if stood against, growes violent;
But suffred and forborne, confounds it selfe.

Sir Har. Where's *Taber*?

Taber. At hand, noble Master.

Sir Har. Shew them the doore.

Taber. That I will, and take money too, if it please
them.

Senc. Is thy name *Taber*?

Taber. I am so eclipt Sir.

Senc. And *Taber*, are you appointed to give us *Iacke
Drum's* entertainment?

Taber. Why sir, you doe not play upon me.

Sencer. Though I cannot, yet I have knowne an *Hare*
that

The Wife-woman of Hogsdon.

that could. But Knight, thou dost not forbid us thine House.

Sir Har. Yes, and forewarne it too.

Sencer. But by thy favour, wee may chuse whether we will take any warning or no. Well, farewell olde Knight, though thou forbidst mee thine house, He honour thee, and extoll thee; and though thou keepst mee from thy Daughter, thou shalt not hinder mee to love her, and admire her: and by thy favour, sometimes to see her: A Catt may looke at a King, and so may I at her. Give me thine hand, Knight, the next time I come into thy company, thou shalt not onely bid me welcome, but hire mee to stay with thee, and thy daughter.

Sir Har. When I doe that, enjoy my full consent, To marry *Graciana*.

Sencer. 'Tis a match, strike mee lucke: Wife that may bee, farewell: Father in law that Mu't bee, adiew. *Taber*, play before, my friend And I will daunce after. *Exeunt.*

Sir Har. When I receive thee gladly to mine house, And wage thy stay, thou shalt have *Graciana*, Doubt not, thou shalt. Here's a strange Humourist, To come a wooing. *Taber*, are they gone?

Tab. I have plaid them away, if it please your Worship, and yonder at the doore attends a Schoolmaster, you sent for him, if you remember, to teach my little yong Master and Mistris.

Sir Har. A proper Scholler, pray him to come neare.

Enter a pedanticall Schoolmaster, Sir Boniface.

Sir Bonif. *Eques Honoratus: Ad salutem: non videtur quid est in Tergo, sed salve bona virgo.*

Sir Har. Sir, you may call me nick-names: if you love me, speake in your Mother-tongue; or at the least, if Learning be so much ally'd unto you, that Latine unawares flowes from your lips: to make your mind familiar with my knowledge, pray utter it in English: what's your name?

Sir

The Wise-woman of Hogsdon.

Sir Bonif. Sic sanctorum tibi omnia.

He tell you my *Nomen*.

Sir Har. Will you tell it to no men.

He entertaine none e're I know their names :

Nay, if you be so dainty of your name,

You are not for my service.

Sir Bonif. Intende vir nobilis.

Sir Har. Not for twenty Nobles :

Trust me, I will not buy your name so deare.

Sir Bon. O Ignorantia! what it is to deale with stupidity?

Sir Henry, Sir Henry, heare me one word,

I see, *Proceptor legis, verus vero negligit.*

Tab. I thinke he saith we are a companie of fooles, and Nigits, but I hope you shall not find us such, Master School-master.

Sir Har. Friend, friend, to cut off all vaine circumstance,

Tell me your name, and answer me directly,

Plainly, and to my understanding too,

Or I shall leave you : here's a deale of gibberish.

Sir Bonif. Vir bone,

Sir Har. Nay, nay, make me no bones, but do't.

Sir Bonif. Then in plaine vulgar English I am call'd,

Sir Boniface Absce.

Sir Har. Why this is somewhat like, *Sir Boniface,*

Give me thine hand, thou art a proper man,

And in my judgement, a great Scholler too :

What shall I give thee by the yeare ?

Sir Bonif. He trust, Sir, to your generosity;

I will not bargaine, but account my selfe

Mille & mille modis, bound to you.

Sir Har. I cannot leave my Mills, they'r farm'd already,

The stipend that I give, shall be in money.

Taber. Sure Sir, this is some Miller that comes to undermine you, in the shape of a Schoolmaster.

Grat. You both mistake the Scholler.

Sir Har. I understand my English, that I know;

What's more then Moderne, doth surpasse my reach.

The Wife-woman of Hogsdon.

Sir Boniface, come to me two dayes hence,
You shall receive an answer; I have now,
Matters of some import that trouble me,
Thou shouldst be else dispatch't.

Taber. *Sir Boniface*, if you come to live in our house, and
be a Familist amongst us, I shall desire your better acquaint-
tance, your Name and my Phisnomie should have some con-
sanguinitie, good *Sir Boniface*.

Sir Bonif. *Quomodo vales, quomodo vales.*

Taber. Go with you to the Ale-house? I like the mo-
tion well; He make an excuse out of doores and follow you.
I am glad yet, we shall have a Good-fellow come into the
house amongst us.

Sir Bonif. *Vale vir magno.*

Sir Har. You shall not have me at Saint *Magnes*, my
house is here in *Gracious-street*.

Sir Bonif. I know it, Sweet Knight, I know it.
Then *virgo formosa, & Domine gratiose valete.*

Sir Har. Ey, in *Gracious-street* you shall heare of me,

Sir Bonif. He shall instruct my children; and to thee,
Faire Gratiana, reade the Latine tongue.

Taber. Who, shall I Sir Bawdy-face?

Sir Har. *Sir Boniface*, you foole.

Taber. His name is so hard to hit on.

Sir Har. Come Daughter, if things fall out as I intend,
My thoughts shall peace have, and these troubles end.

Exeunt.

Exploit Actus secundum.

Actus tertius, Scena prima.

*Enter the second Luce, which was Iack in womans
apparell, and the Wise-woman.*

Wifewo. Iack, thou art my Boy.

2. Luce. Mistris!

Wifewo.

The Wise-woman of Hogsden.

Wife. Ile be a Mother to thee, no Mistris: come Lad, I must have thee I worne to the orders of my house, and the secrets thereof.

2. *Luce.* As I am an honest Lad, I am yours to command. But Mistris, what meane all these womens pictures, hang'd here in your withdrawing room?

Wife. Ile tell thee, Boy; marry thou must be secret. When any Citizens, or yong Gentlemen come hither, under a colour to know their Fortunes, they looke upon these pictures, and which of them they best like, she is ready with a wet finger: here they have all the furniture belonging to a privat-chamber, bedde, bed-fellow and all; but mum, thou knowest my meaning, *Iacke.*

2. *Luce.* But I see comming and going, Maids, or such as goe for Maids, some of them, as if they were ready to lie downe, sometimes two or three delivered in one night, then suddenly leave their Brats behind them; and conveigh themselves into the Citie againe: what becomes of their Children?

Wife. Those be Kitchin-maids, and Chamber-maids, and sometimes good mens Daughters; who having catcht a clap, and growing neare their time, get leave to see their friends in the Countrey, for a weeke or so: then hither they come, and for a matter of money, here they are delivered. I have a Midwife or two belonging to the house, and one *Sir Boniface* a Deacon, that makes a shift to christen the Infants: we have poore, honest, and secret Neighbours, that stand for common Gossips. But dost not thou know this?

2. *Luce.* Yes, now I doe: but what after becomes of the poore Infants?

Wife. Why, in the night we send them abroad, and lay one at this mans doore, and another at that, such as are able to keepe them; and what after becomes of them, we inquire not. And this is another string to my Bowe.

2. *Luce.* Most strange, that womens brain should apprehend Such lawlesse, indirect, and horrid meanes For covetous gaine! How many unknowne Trades

The Wise-woman of Hogsdon.

Women and men are free of, which they never
Had Charter for? but Mistris, are you so
Cunning as you make your selfe: you can
Neither write nor reade, what doe you with those
Bookes you so often turne over?

Wifew. Why tell the leaves, for to be ignorant, and seeme
ignorant, what greater folly?

2. *Luce.* Belceve me, this is a cunning Woman; neither
hath shee her name for nothing, who out of her ignorance,
can foole so many that thinke themselves wise. But where-
fore have you built this little Closet close to the doore,
where sitting, you may heare every word spoken, by all
such as aske for you.

Wifew. True, and therefore I built it: if any knock, you
must to the doore and question them, to find what they come
about, if to this purpose, or to that. Now they ignorantly
telling thee their errand, which I sitting in my Closet, over-
heare, presently come forth, and tell them the cause of their
comming, with every word that hath past betwixt you in
private: which they admiring, and thinking it to be mira-
culous, by their report I become thus famous.

2. *Luce.* This is no Trade, but a Myserie; and were I a
Wise-woman, as indeed I am but a foolish Boy, I need not
live by your service. But Mistris, we lose our selves in this
discourse, is not this the morning in which I should be
married?

Wifew. Now, how had I forgot my selfe? Mistris *Luce*
promist to be with mee halfe an houre agoe, but mask't and
disguis'd, and so shalt thou be too: here's a blacke Vaile to
hide thy face against the rest come.

Enter Sir Boniface.

Sir Bonif. *Sit tibi bona dies: salus & quies.*

Wifew. Into the withdrawing roome, *Sir Boniface.*

Sir Bonif. Without any compunction, I will make the
Conjunction.

Exit.

Wifew.

The Wise-woman of Hogsdon.

Wife. Now keepe thy countenance, Boy.

3. *Luce.* Feare not mee, I have as good a face in a Maske, as any Lady in the Land could wish to have: but to my heart, hee comes, or he comes not; now am I in a pittifull perplexity, untill I see the event of all.

Wife. No more *Iacke* now, but *Mistris Luce*.

2. *Luce.* I warrant you *Mistris*: that it happens so luckily, that my name should be *Luce* too, to make the marriage more firme!

Enter Chartley disguis'd, and in a Visard.

Chart. My honey sweet Hagge, vvhere's *Luce*?

Wife. Here sweet heart, but disguis'd and vail'd, as you are visarded.

Chart. But vvhat's the reason vvce are thus Hood-winkt?

Wife. No discovery of your selves for a million, there's *Sir Boniface* within, shall hee blab vvho you are? Besides, there's a yong Heire that hath stolne a Lords Daughter from the Court, and vvould not have their faces seene for a World: cannot you be content to fare well, and keepe your ovvne counsell, and see, yonder they come.

*Enter at severall places, Boyster visarded, and:
Luce mask'd.*

Chart. Gramarcie my Sugar-candie sweet Trot.

Wife. Mum, no more vvords.

Chart. If the great Heire and the yong Lady be so dainty of their Complexions, they shall see (my sweet *Luce*) vvce can visard it vvith the best of them.

Luce. That Gentleman, by the Wisevvomans description, should be Master *Chartley*. *(Meaning Boyster.)*

Boyst. That gallant Wench, if my Grannam fable not, Should be *Luce*: but vvhat be those other?

Wife. You vvrong mee, but to aske, vvho but a yong

The Wise-woman of Hogsdon.

Heire, and a Lady of the Court : that's *Luce*, take her, and keepe your promise.

Boyst. *Pocas palabras.*

Wisewo. That's *Chartley*, take him *Luce*.

Luce. But who be they ?

Wisewo. A Lord and Lady shall *Sir Bonifacio* stay,
Rather then so, strive who should leade the way.

*Exeunt Chartley with Iack,
Boyster with Luce.*

Wisewo. Now *Iack* my Boy, keepe thine owne counsell, and countenance, and I shall cry quittance with my yong Gallant. Well, by this time *Sir Bonifacio* is at his Booke. But because there is a mistake, knowne onely to my Boy and my selfe; the Marriage shall be no sooner ended, but Ile disturbe them by some sudden out-cry, and that too, before they have leasure to unmaske, and make knowne themselves one to another; for if the deccite were knowne, I should fall into the danger of that yong mad Rascall. And now this double apprehension of the Lord and the Lady shall fetch mee off from all; I know it is *Sir Bonifacio* his custome, to make short vvorke, and hath dispatcht by this: And novv Wise-vvoman, try if thou canst bestir thy selfe like to a Mad-vvoman—shift for your selves, Warrants and Pursevants! Away, Warrants and Pursevants! shift for your selves.

*Enter, as affrighted and amazed, Chartley, Boyster,
• Bonifacio, and others.*

Chart. Ile take this way.

Boyst. I this.

Exeunt.

Bonif. *Curro Carris Cucurri*: My checks are all Murry,
And I am gone in an hurry.

Exit.

Luce. O Heaven! ywhat shall become of me?

Luce. I know vwhat shall become of me already.

Wisewo. O sweet Daughter, shift cloathes vvith this
Lady!

The Wise-woman of Hogsdon.

Lady ! Nay, as thou lov'st thy credit and mine, change Habits— So, if thou bee'st taken in her Garments, finding the mistake, vwill let thee passe ; and should they meet her in thine, not knowving her, vvould no vvay question her : and this prove to both your securities and my safety.

Luce. As fast as I can, good Mother : So Madam farewell.

2. *Luce.* All happy joyes betide you.

Exit.

Wise. Ha, ha, let me hold my sides, and laugh : Here were even a Plot to make a play on, but that *Chartley* is so fool'd by my Boy *Jacke* : Well, heele make a notable Wagge, Ile warrant him. All the best will bee, if *Boyster* should meete with him in *Luce's* habitt, which hee hath novv on, hee would thinke himselfe meere gull'd and cheated ; and should *Chartley* meet with *Luce* as shee is now Roab'd, hee would bee confident hee had marryed her. Let mee see how many Trades have I to live by : First, I am a VVise-vvoman, and a Fortune-teller, and under that I deale in Physicke and Fore-speaking, in Palmistry, and recovering of things lost. Next, I undertake to cure Madd folkes. Then I keepe Gentlewomen Lodgers, to furnish such Chambers as I let out by the night : Then I am provided for bringing young Wenches to bed ; and for a need, you see I can play the Match-maker. Shee that is but one, and professeth so many, may well bee tearmed a Wise-woman, if there bee any.

Exit.

Enter Boyster.

Boyst. Why, runne away, and leave my Wench behind ? Ile backe : vvhat have Warrants and Pursevants to doe with mee ? with mee ? why should I budge ? why should I weare Maske or Visard ? If Lords or Ladies offend, let Lords and Ladies answer ; let mee better bethinke mee. Why should I play at Hob-man blinde ? Hum ; vvhy marry in *Tenebris*, ha ! is there no tricke in it ? If my

Grannam

The Wise-woman of Hogsdon.

Grannam should make mee a yonger Brother now, and instead of *Luce*, pop mee off vvith some broken commoditie, I vvhere finely serv'd: most sure I am, to be in for better and worse, but with vvhom, Heaven and my Grannam knowes.

Enter halfe ready and maskt, 2. Luce.

2. Luce. I am stolne out of doores, to see if I can meet my Husband; with vvhom I purpose to make some sport, ere I suddenly disclose my selfe: vvhat's hee?

Boyft. Heyday, what have vvee here, an Hoberdchoy? come hither you.

2. Luce. 'Tis Mistris *Luces* Husband, Ile not leave him thus.

Boyft. What art thou?

2. Luce. Doe you not know mee?

Boyft. That Maske and Robe I know:

2. Luce. I hope so, or else I vvhere in a vvoo case.

Boyft. That Maske, that Gowne I married.

2. Luce. Then you have no reason, but to injoy both them and me too, and so you are like; I should be loath to divorce Man and Wife.

Boyft. I am fool'd, but vvhat crackt vvare are you, forsooth?

2. Luce. I belong to the old Gentlewoman of the house.

Boyft. Ile set her house on fire: I am finely bobb'd.

2. Luce. But I hope you will not bobb me.

Boyft. No I'fe vvarrant thee: vvhat art thou? Girle or Boy?

2. Luce. Both, and neither; I vvwas a Ladd last night, but in the morning I vvwas conjured into a Lasse: And being a Girle novv, I shall be translated to a Boy anon. Here's all I can at this time say for my selfe: Farevvell.

Boyft. Yes, and be hang'd vvithall. O for some Gun povvder.

The Wife-woman of Hogsdon.

powder to blow up this Witch, this Shee-shee, this damnd Sorceresse! O I could tear her to fitters vwith my teeth! Yet I must be patient, and put up all, lest I bee made a iocree to such as know mee: feald by a Boy! Goe too, of all the rest, the Girl *Luce* must not knowe it.

Exit.

Enter Chartley and his man, meeting Luce.

Chart. So, now am I the same man I was yesterday; who can say I was disguis'd? or who can distinguish my condition now? or read in my face, whether I be a married man, or a Batchelor?

Luce. Who's that?

Chart. Luce.

Luce. Sweet Husband, is it you?

Chart. The newes?

Luce. Never so frighted in my dayes.

Chart. What's become of the Lord and the Lady?

Luce. The Lord fled after you, the Lady staid; who maskt, and halfe unready, ran fast after her poore affrighted Husband: now all's quiet.

Chart. This storme is then well past, and now conveigh your selfe home as privately as you can: and see you make this knowne to none but your Father.

Luce. I am your Wife and Servant.

Exit.

Chart. This name of *Luce* hath bene ominous to mee; one *Luce* I should have married in the Countrey, and just the night before, a toy tooke me in the head, and mounting my Horse, Flew Capons, Ducks, Geese, Poultry, Wild-fowle, Father, and Bride and all, and posted up to London, where I have ever since continued Batchelor, till now. And now —

E

Enter

The Wise-woman of Hogsdon.

*Enter Gratiana in haste, a Serving-man before her,
and Taber after her.*

Grat. Nay on, I pretkee fellow on, my Father will wonder where I have beene visiting. Now, vvhat had I forgot?
Taber, there's money, goe to the Gold-smiths, bid him send mee my Fanne; and make a quicke returne: on, fellow on.
Exit.

Taber. Her Fanne at the Gold-smiths! now had I forgot to aske her, his name, or his signe: but I will after to know.

Chart. Sirrah, goe call mee backe that Serving-man, And aske him vvhat's the Gentle-vvomans name.

Servingman. I shall; ho, you: Friend, you,

Taber. Who's that calls?

Servingman. 'Twas I.

Taber. Your businesse? you should be one, though not of my cognisance, yet of my condition: a Serving-creature, as I take it: pray vvhat's your vvill vvith mee?

Servingman. Pray Sir, what might I call that Gentle-vvoman, on vvhom you were attendant?

Taber. You may call her vvhat you please, but if you call her otherwise then in the vvay of honestie, you may perchance heare on't.

Servingman. Nay, be not offended: I say, vvhat doe you call her?

Taber. Why Sir, I call her as it shall best please mee, sometimes yong Lady, sometimes yong Mistris; and vvhat hath any man to doe with that?

Chart. Are you so captious, sirrah, vvhat's her name? Speake, and be briefe.

Taber. Ey marry Sir, you speake to purpose, and I can resolve you: her name is *Gratiana*. But all this vvhile I have forgot my Mistris Fanne.
Exit.

Chart. *Gratiana*! oft have I heard of her, but saw her not.

The Wise woman of Hogsden.

not till now : 'tis a prettie wench, a very prettie wench, nay, a very, very, very prettie wench. But what a Rogue am I, of a married man? nay, that have not beene married this six houres, and to have my shittle-wits runne a Wooll-gathering already? What would poore *Luce* say if shee should heare of this? I may very well call her poore *Luce*, for I cannot presume of five pounds to her portion: what a Coxcombe was I, being a Gentleman, and well deriv'd, to match into so beggarly a kindred? What needed I to have grafted in the stocke of such a Choake Peare, and such a goodly Popering as this to escape mee? Escape mee (said I) if shee doe, shee shall doe it narrowly: but I am married already, and therefore it is not possible, unlesse I should make away my wife, to compasse her. Married? why who knowes it? Ile out-face the Priest, and then there is none but shee and her Father, and their evidence is not good in Law: and if they put mee in suite, the best is, they are poore, and cannot follow it. I marry Sir, a man may have some credit by such a Wife as this; I could like this marriage well, if a man might change away his Wife, still as hee is a weary of her, and cope her away like a bad commoditie: if every new Moone a man might have a new Wife, that's every yeare a dozen. But this, *Till Death us depart*, is tedious: I will goe a wooing to her, I will; but how shall I doe for jewels and tokens? *Luce* hath mine in her custodie, money and all; tush, Ile juggle them from her well enough: see, here shee comes.

Enter Luce, and her Father.

Luce. Here is my Husband, I pray move him in it.

Father. It toucheth both our reputations nearly;
For by his oft repairs, now whilst the Marriage
Is kept from publike knowledge, your good name

The Wife-manner of Hoggish

May be by Neighbours hardly censur'd of.

Chas. Th'art sad, th'art sad *Luce*, what melancholly already art thou hast had good cause to be merry, and knewst what sport was.

Luce. I have great reason, when my name is toss'd In every Gossips mouth, and made a by-word Vnto such people as it least concerns.

Nay, in my hearing, as they passe along,
Some have not spar'd to brand my modestie,
Saying, There sits shee whom yong *Charley* keeps:
There hath hee entred late, betimes gone forth.

Where I with pride was wont to sit before,
I'm now vwith shame sent blushing from the doore.

Chas. Alas poore foole, I am sorry for thee, but yet cannot helpe thee, as I am a Gentleman. Why say *Luce*, thou lokest now forty shillings worth of Credit, stay but a time, and it shall bring thee in a thousand pounds worth of commodities.

Father. Son, Son, had I esteem'd my profit more
Then I have done my credit, I had now
Beene many thousands richer: but you see,
Truth and good dealing beare an humble faile;
That little I injoy, it is with quiet,
Got with good conscience, kept with good report:
And that I still shall labour to preserve.

Chas. But doe you heare mee?

Father. Nothing Ile heare, that tends unto the ruine
Of mine, or of my Daughters honestie.
Shall I be held a Broker to lewd Lust,
Now in my waine of yeares?

Chas. Will you but heare mee?

Father. Not in this case. I that have liv'd thus long,
Reported well, esteem'd a welcome Guest
At every burthen'd Table, there respected;
Now to be held a Pander to my Daughter?
That I should live to this!

Chas.

The weeping woman of Hoxton.

Chart. But hark you Father?

Father. A Bawd to mine owne child?

Chart. Father?

Father. To my sweet Lues?

Chart. Father?

Father. Deale with me like a Son, then call me Father;
I that have had the tongues of every man
Ready to crowne my Reputation;

The hands of all my Neighbours to subscribe
To my good like; and such as could not write,
Ready with Palfie and unfettered fingers,
To set their scribling markes

Chart. Why Father in Law?

Father. Thou hadst a Mother *Lues*; tis wee with me
To say thou hadst, but hast not; a kind Wife,
And a good Nurse she was: she had the liv'd
To heare my name thus canvall, and thus told,
Seven yeares before she dy'd, I had beene a Widower
Seven yeares before I was: Heaven rest her soule,
Shee is in Heaven I hope.

(Hee wipes his eyes.)

Chart. Why so now, these be good words, I knew these
stormes would have a shoure, and then they would cease.
Now if your anger be over, heare me.

Father. Well, say on Son.

Chart. Stay but a Moneth, tis but foure Weekes; nay,
tis *February*, the shortest Moneth of the year, and in
that time I shall be at full age; and the Land being in-
tail'd, my Father can dis-inherit mee of nothing. Is
your spout downe now? Have I satisfied you? Well,
I see you chollericke hasty men, are the kindest when
all is done. Here's such weeping of Handkerchers, hee
weepes to thinke of his Wife, shee weepes to see her Fa-
ther cry. Peace foole, wee shall else have thee chaunt kin-
dred of the Woman kill'd with kindnesse.

Father.

The Wise woman of Hogsdon.

Father. Well Son, my anger's past, yet I must tell you,
It grieves mee that you should thus slight it off,
Concerning us, no such a deepe degree.
In private be it spoke, my Daughter tels me,
Shee's both a Wife and Maid.

Chart. That may be help't.
Now *Luce*, your Fathers pacifi'd, will you be pleas'd? I
would indure a Quarters punishment for thee, and wilt
not thou suffer a poore Moneths penance for mee? 'Tis
but eight and twenty dayes, Wench; thou shalt fare
well all the time, drinke well, eat well, lie well: come,
one word of comfort at the later end of the day.

Luce. Yours is my fame, mine honour, and my heart
Link't to your pleasure, and shall never part.

Chart. Gramercie Wench, thou shalt weare this chaine
no longer for that word, Ile multiply the linkes in such
order, that it shall have light to shine about thy necke,
oftener then it doth: this jewell, a plaine *Bristowe*
stone, a counterfeit. How base was I, that comming to
thee in the way of Marriage, courted thee with counter-
feit stones? Thou shalt weare right, or none: thou hast
no money about thee, *Luce*?

Luce. Yes Sir, I have the hundred pounds that you gave
me to lay up last.

Chart. Fetch it; let mee see, how much branch'd Sat-
tin goes to a Petticoat? and how much wrought Velvet
to a Gowne? then for a Beaver for the Citle, and a Black-
bagge for the Country: Ile promise her nothing, but if
any such trifles bee brought home, let her not thanke
mee for them.

Enter Luce with the Bagge.

Gramercie Luce, Nay, goe in, Gravitie and Modestie,
ten to one but you shall heare of mee, ere you see mee
again.

Father. I know you kinde, impute my hastie Lan-

The Wise woman of Hogsdon.

guage unto my rage, not mee.

Chart. Why, doe not I know you, and doe not I know her? I doubt you'll wish shortly that I had never knowne either of you: now, what sayst thou, my sweet *Luce*?

Luce. My words are yours. so is my life: I am now part of your selfe, so made by Nuptiall vowes.

Chart. What a Pagan am I, to practise such villany against this honest Christian! If *Gratiana* did come into my thoughts, I should fall into a vaine to pittie her: but now that I talk of her, I have a tongue to wooe her, Tokens to win her; and that done, if I doe not find a trick, both to weare her, and wearie her, it may prove a peece of a Wonder. Thou seest, *Luce*, I have some store of Crownes about me, there are brave things to be bought in the Citie; Cheapside, and the Exchange, afford varietie and raritie. This is all I will say now, but thou mayest heare more of mee hereafter.

Luce. Heaven speed you where you goe Sir, shall we in? Though not from scandall, wee live free from sin.
Father. Ile in before.

Exit.
Epilogue Master Boyster.

Boyst. I am still in love with *Luce*, and I would know An answer more directly: sic, sic, this Love Hangs on me like an Ague, makes me turne foole, Coxcombe and Ass: why should I love her, why? A Rattle-Baby, Puppit, a slight toy, And now I could goe to buffets with my selfe, And chaffe this Love away: but see, that's *Luce*.

Luce. I cannot shun him, but Ile shake him off.
Boyst. Morrow.

Luce.

The Wise-woman of Hoxford.

Luce. As much to you.

Boys. Please few words, Canst love me?

Luce. Deed Sir no.

Boys. Why then farewell, the way I came, Ile goe.

Exit.

Luce. This is no tedious Courtship, hee's a soone answer'd,
So should all Suitors else bee, were they wise;
For being repulst, they doe but waste their dayes
In thanklesse suites, and superficiall praise.

Enter Boyster againe.

Boys. Swear that thou wilt not love me,

Luce. Not Sir, for any hate I ever bare you,

Or any foolish pride, or vaine conceits:

Or that your feature doth not please mine eye,

Or that you are not a brave Gentleman:

But for concealed reasons I am forc'd

To give you this cold answer; and to swear

I must not, then with patience pray forbear.

Boys. Even farewell then.

Exit.

Luce. The like to you, and save your hopes in me.
Heaven grant you your best wishes; all this strife
Will end it selfe, when I am knowne a Wife.

Exeunt.

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus

The Wife-woman of Hogsdon.

Actus 4.6. Scena prima.

*Enter Sir Harry, M. Harringsfield
Gratiana with others.*

Sir Harry. I am satisfied good M. *Harringsfield* touching your friend, and since I see you haue left his dangerous company, I limit you to bee a welcome guest vnto my Table.

Harring. You haue bin alwayes noble.

Enter Taber.

Sir Harry. Taber : the newes with thee?

Taber. May it please the right worshipfull to vnderstand that there are some at the Gate who dance a turne or two without, and desire to bee admitted to speake with you within.

Sir Harry. The Scholler is it not.

Taber. Nay sir, there are two Schollers, and they are spowting Latin one against the other; And in my simple Iudgement the stranger is the better Scholler, and is somewhat too hard for sir *Boniface*: For he speakes lower, and that you know is ever the signe of the most learning, and hee also hath a great desire to serue your Worship.

Sir Harry. Two schollers; My house hath not place for two, thus it shall bee. *Taber* admit them both, wee though vnlearned will heare them two dispute, and hee that of the two seemes the best read, shall bee receiued, the other quite casheired.

Harring. In that you showe but Iustice, in all persons merit should bee regarded.

*Enter Taber vsbering sir Boniface and
Sencer, disguised like a pedant.*

Sir Boniface. Venerabilis magistri; Absint vobis capistri?

E

Sencer

The Wife-woman of Hagsden.

Sencer. Et tu domini calve, iterum atque, iterum salve,
Amo' amas amavi, sweete Lady Heauen saue yee.

Sir Harry. This approues him to be excellent, but I thank my breeding I vnderstand not a word, you tong-men you whose wealth lyes in your braines; Not in your budgets heere mee: Be it knowne, my house affords roome for one Schoole-master but not for more. And I am thus resolved, take you that side gentle sir *Boniface*, and sir possesse you that.

Hee of you two in arguing prooues the best. To him will I subscribe are you agreed.

Sir Boniface. Nec animo, nec corde, nec vtroque.

Senc. No more of that nec corde, noble Knight, he wishes you nec corde, thinke of that.

Sir Harry. A Cord about my necke, sir *Boniface*.

Speake doe you use mee well.

Sir Boniface. Domine currogas:

Senc. Is this to bee indured, to call a Knight.

Cur, Rogue and Ass.

Sir Harry. I find my selte abus'd.

Harring. Yet patience good syr *Harry*, and heare more pray sir *Boniface*: of what Vniuersitie?

Were you of.

Sir Boniface. I was student in Brazen nose.

Harring. A man might guesse so much by your pimples, and of what place were you:

Senc. *Petrus dormit securus*; I was Sir of Peeter boule

Sir Boniface. *Natus eram*, in Woxford, and I proceeded in Oxford.

Senc. *Est mihi bene nostrum*, thou wouldest say, in *Gotam*; For my part sir *Harry*, I can reade Seruice and Marry, *Que genus et flexum*, though I goe in genes Fustion, *scalpellum et charta* I was not brought vp at Plowe & cart, I can teach *Qui mihi*, and neyther laugh nor tee-hee, sed as in presents, if your worship at this present, *Ista, Ista Ista*, will doe mee any good, to giue mee *legem pone* in Gold

The Wife-woman of Hogsdon.

Gold or in monie. *Piper atque papauer*, I'll deserve it with my labour.

Harring. But when goe you to dispute:

Sir Boniface. *Nominativo hic predicalus*, his words are most ridiculous: But *tu* thou, *qui* the which, deridest those that bee rich, *construe hanc sententiam*, construe mee this sentence. *Est modus in rebus sunt certi denique fines*:

Sencer. *Est modus in rebus*: There is mud in the rivers. *Sunt certi denique fines*, and certaine little Fishes.

Sir Harry. I warrant you he hath his answer ready.

Sir Boniface. *Dij boni boni*.

Harring. Heele giue you more bones then those to know on *Sir Boniface*.

Senc. *Kartere Moosotropos Poluphiltate phile poetatis*
Tes Logikes retoon, onch clahifte sophoon.

That is as much as to say, in our *materna lingua* I will make you *sir Boniface*, confesse your selfe an Ass in English, speake open and broad words, for want of Latin, and *Denique* instruct mee to resolve such questions as I shall aske you in our moderne tongue.

Sir Harry. confesse him an Ass, speake obscene words after intreate thee to resolve thy questions.

Doe that, possesse the place.

Sencer. *Di do and dum*: No more words but *mum*:

Sir Boniface. Noble *sir Harry*; *Nunquam sic possit?*

Sir Harry. *Sir Boniface* is sicke already and calls for a possit, no marvell, being so threatned.

Sencer. You *Boniface*, decline mee I am a no after the first coniugation, *amo amavi, vocito vocitavi*.

Titubo titubavi?

Sir Boniface. I am not the preceptor to a pupill.

But can decline it, marke *sir Timothy*:

I ama no,

Sencer. *Bene bene*.

Sir Boniface. I am an as?

Senc. Most treue most treue, *vos estis, ut ego sum testis*,

The Wise woman of Hagsden.

Sencer. Et tu domini calve, iterum atque, iterum salve,
Amo amas amavi, sweete Lady Heaven saue yee.

Sir Harry. This approues him to be excellent, but I thank my breeding I vnderstand not a word, you tong-men you whose wealth lyes in your braines; Not in your budgets heere mee: Be it knowne, my house affords roome for one Schoole-master but not for more. And I am thus resolved, take you that side gentle sir *Boniface*, and sir possesse you that.

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The Wise-woman of Hogsdon.

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Sir Harry. confesse him an Aſſe, ſpeake obſceane words after intreate thee to reſolve thy queſtions.

Doe that, poſſeſſe the place.

Sencer. *Di do and dum*: No more words but *mum*:

Sir Boniface. Noble *sir Harry*; *Nunquam ſic poſſit*?

Sir Harry. *Sir Boniface* is ſicke already and calls for a poſſit, no marvell, being ſo threatned.

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But can decline it, marke *sir Timothy*:

I am a no,

Sencer. *Bene bene*.

Sir Boniface. I am an as?

Senc. Moſt treue moſt treue, *vos eſtis, ut ego ſum teſtis*,

The Wise-woman of Hogsdon.

that what he confest is, as true as the pestis.

Sir Harry. This Scholler workes by magick hee hath made him confesse himselfe an Asse.

Sir Boniface. Per has meas manus vir, tu es infanus,

Sencer. Ile make him fret worse yet ; *Sir Boniface :* quid est grammatica.

Sir Boniface. Grammatica est ars,

Sir Harry. Eye, tye, no more of these words good sir *Boniface.*

Sencer. Attend againe, proceed mee with this verse of reverent *Cato :* Si deus est animus-

Sir Boniface. Nobis ut carmina dicunt.

Taber. Di quoth ha, out on him for a beastly man.

Sir Harry. I would not haue him teach my children so for more then I am worth.

Sir Bonif. O! but reverend syr *Harry.* you must subaudi.

Sir Harry. Ile never bee so bawdy whilest I liue, nor any of mine I hope.

Sir Boniface. O! Propria quæ maribus :

Sir Harry. By *Boniface,* it is these maribones, that makes you talke so broadly ?

Sir Boniface. Venerabilis vir homo ille est ebrius.

Sir Harry. What doth hee meane by that.

Sencer. Hee saith, I can speake Hebrew.

Sir Harry. I Beleeu't :

But if syr *Boniface* still con these lessons, He'l, speake the French tongue perfit.

Sencer. Now to the last, ile taske syr *Boniface,* but with an easie question. Tell mee syr : Whats Latin for this Earth ?

Sir Boniface. Facile and easy more fit for the pupill then the preceptor : whats Latin for this Earth ? *Tellus.*

Sencer. Tell you ; no syr, it belongs to you to tell mee.

Sir Boniface. I say *Tellus* is Latin for the Earth.

Sencer. And I say, I will not tell you what is Latin for the Earth ; valesse you yeild mee victor.

Sir

The Wise-woman of Hagsden.

Sir Harry. You haue no reason : good syr *Timothy*,
The place is yours.

Harring. Hee hath deserv'd it well.

Sencer. But ile-deserue it better, why this fellow
Is Franticke, you shall heere mee make him speake
Idely and without sence. I'le make him say,

His Nose was Husband to a Queene, { *He whispers to*

Sir Harry. Sir *Timothy* not possible. { *sir Harry.*

Taber. Hee will not speake it for shame.

Sencer. That you shall heere ; *Magister Boniface.*

Sir Boniface. *Quid ais domine Timothy.*

Sencer. Who was *Pasiphas* husband *Queene of Creete.*

Sir Boniface. Who knowes not that, why *Minos* was
her Husband.

Sencer. That his nose was ; did I not tell you so.

Sir Boniface. I say that *Minos* was :

Sencer. That his Nose was ha has.

Sir Harry. Ile not beleue it.

Sir Boniface, there are a brace of Angels.

You are not for my turne *sir Timothy.*

You are the man shall reade vnto my daughter

The Latin tongue, in which I am ignorant :

Confesse your selfe an Ass ; speake bawdy words ;

And after to talke idely. Hence away :

You shall haue my good word, but not my pay ?

Sir Boniface. *Opus est vsus ;* *sir Timothy* you abuse us.

I sweare by a nowne, had I thy hofe downe,

Qui que quod, I would so smoake thee with the rod :

Ille Illa Illud, vntill I fetch blood.

But *Nobiles valet,* remaine in quiete.

Exit.

Sir Harry. Sir *Timothy*, there is some Gold in earnest,
I like you well take into your tuition,

My daughter *Gratiana* ; the newes *Taber.* (Enter *Taber*

Taber. Of another gallant noble sir that pretends to haue
business, both with you and my mistresse,

Sir Harry. Admit him.

The Wise-woman of Hogsden.

*Enter Charly very gallant, in his band
a Lady.*

Taber. Lusty Iuuentus; will it please you to draw neere.

*Chart. Noble Knight, whilst you peruse that sweete
Lady, tell mee how you like this: (kisseth her.*

*Gratia. You presse so suddainly vpon mee syr
I know not what to answer.*

Sencer. Mad Charly; what makes desperation heere.

*Chart. To the word wooer let mee add the name speeder
my father hath written to your father, and the cause of his
writing at this present, is to let you vnderstand, that hee
feares you haue liu'd a maide too long: and therefore to
prevent all diseases incident to the same; as the greene
sicknesse and others. Hee sent mee like a skilfull Physitian,
to take order with you against all such maladies. If you will
not credit mee, list but how fervently my father writes in
my behalfe.*

*Sir Harry. Hee is my onely sonne, and shee I take as
your onely daughter, what should hinder then,
To make a match betweene them, (well tis well tis good
I like it) I will make her Ioynter three hundred pounds
a yeare.*

*Chart. How say you by that sweete Lady three hundred
pounds a yeare and a proper man to boote.*

*Sir Harry. All's good, I like it, welcome M. Charly.
Thou Gratia art no child of mine
Vnlesse thou bidst him welcome. This I presume
To bee your fathers hand.*

Chart. But Ile bee sworne he never writ it.

Sir Harry. And this his seale at Armes.

*Chart. Or else I vnderstand it very poorly, but I will
In earnest of further acquaintance, receiue this Chayne,
These Iewels, hand and heart.*

*Sir Harry. Refuse no Chaine nor Iewels, heart nor hand,
but in exchange of these bestowe thy selfe thine owne
deere selfe vpon him.*

Gratia.

The Wif-woman of Bagden.

Gratia. My selfe on him, whom I tell now I neere saw?
Well since I must, your will's to mee a law.

Senc. Nay then tis time to speake, shall I stand heere
wauing like a Coxcombe, and see her giuen away before
my face? stay your hand syr *Harry*; and let mee claime my
promise.

Sir Harry. My promise ile performe syr *Timothy*,
you shall haue all your wages duly paid.

Senc. I claime faire *Gratiana* by your promise.
No more syr *Timothy*, but *Sencer* now,
You promis'd mee when you receiued my service,
And with your liberall hand did wage my stay:
To endowe mee freely with your daughters Love,
That promise now I claime.

Sir Harry. Meere cosnidge, knavery,
I ride my selfe to no conditions.
In which such guile is practised, come sonne *Chartly*.
To cut of all disasters incident.

To these proceedings wee will sollemnise
These Nuptiall rites withall speede possible.

Chart. Farewell good syr *Timothy*, farewell
learn'd syr *Timothy*. *Exeunt.*

Sencer. Why: and farewell learned syr *Timothy*.
For now syr *Timothy* and I am two:
Boast on, bragge on, exalt exalt thy selfe,
Swim in a Sea of pleasure and content
Whilst my Barke suffers wrack ile bee revenged,
Chartly; ile cry *vindicta* for this Horne,
Next time thou goest, it must bee with thy horne,
Exit.

Enter M. Boyster

Boyster. I am mad, and know not at what.
I could swagger but know not with whom,
I am at oddes with my selfe; and know not why:
I shall bee pacified, and cannot tell when,

Would

The Wise-woman of Hogsdon.

I would faine haue a wife but cannot tell where;
I would fasten on *Luce* but cannot tell how.
How; where; when; why; whom; what.
Feeding sure makes mee leane, and fasting fat.

Enter Luce and Ioseph.

Luce. Not all this while once see mee.

Ioseph. His occasions, perhaps inforce his absence.

Luce. His occasions:

Vnlesse hee find occasion of new Love.
What could inforce such absence from his spouse:
Am I growne fowle and blacke, since my espousals.
It should not seeme so; For the shop is daily,
Custom'd with store of Chap-men, such as come
To cheape Love. O no, I am my selfe?
But Chastly hee is changed.

Ioseph. You know that Gentleman.

Luce. Escape him if thou canst.

Boyster. Hee cannot, I arrest you;

Luce. At whose suite.

Boyster. Not at mine owne, thats dasht, I loue thee not.
Thou art a Spaniard, Gipsie, a meere Blackamore:
Again, I say I loue thee not.

Luce. A Blackemore, a Gipsy?

Sure I am chang'd indeed, and thats the cause
My Husband left mee so, this Gentleman
Once tearm'd mee beautifull, how looke I *Ioseph*?

Ioseph. As well as ere you did, fat, fresh, and fayre.

Boyster. You lye boy, pocket that, and now be gon.

Ioseph. And what shall then become of my Mistresse?

Boyster. Ile waite vpon your Mistresse.

Luce. I know you will not waite on such a Gipsie.

Boyster. Yes *Luce* on such a Gipsie: Boy, abi abi.

Ioseph. Abide fir, you neede not feare that I haue no
purpose to leaue her.

Boyster.

The Wise-woman of Hoxden.

Boyſter. Now you are going to the wedding-houſe.
You are bid to be a Bride-maid, are you not.

Luce. What wedding ſir, or whoſe?

Boyſter. Why *Charſleyes*; *Luce* hath hee bin thy friend
ſo long, and would not bid thee to waite on his Bride.
Why lookſt thou red and pale, and both, and neither.

Luce. To Mr. *Charſleyes* Bridals, why, to whom,
Should hee be married.

Boyſter. To *Grace* of *Gratious* ſtreet.

Luce. To *Gratiana*?

Beſhrow you ſir you doe not uſe mee well,
To buze into mine eares theſe ſtrange vntruths:
I tell you ſir, 'tis as impoſſible
That they two ſhould match: as Earth and Heauen to meet.

Boyſter. You'l not beleue it, pray then harke within,
The Nuptiall muſicke ecchoing to their ioyes.
But you giue credit to no certaintyes:
I told you but a tale, a lye, a fable?
A monſtrous, a notorious idle untruth,
That you were blacke, and that I lou'd you not.
And you could credit that.

*Enter ſir Harry and Harings-field, Charſly leading
Gratiana by the Arme, Taber and attendants.*

Who's tell-troth now.

Know you that man, or know you that fine Virgin:
Whom by the arme hee leades.

Luce. I'le not indure't: Heauen giue you joy ſir:

Charſ. I thanke you: *Luce?* (*ſhee faints.*)

Sir Harry. Looko to the Maid ſhee faints. } *Boyſt.* held

Charſly. *Grace*, come not nere her *Grace.* } *her vp.*

Father keepe off, on Gentlemen apace.
Shees troubled with the falling ſickeſſe, for
Oft hath ſhee fallen before mee.

Sir Harry. Nay if it bee no otherwiſe, on gentlemen.

The Wife-woman of Hogsdon.

Let those with her strine to reconer her.

Keepe off, the disease is infectious :

Chartly. If it were in a man, it were nothing, but the falling sicknesse in a woman is dangerous,

Enter Luces Father.

My tother father in Lawe, now shall I bee vtterly sham'd,
If hee assure to know mee, I'le out face him.

Father. Sonne your well met.

Chartly. How fellow.

Father. I cry you mercy sir.

Chart. No harme done friend, no harme done. *Exeunt.*

Fath. If hee ? hee could not but haue known mee there,
Yet he was wondrous like him.

Boyst. How cheare you *Luce*, whence grew this passion?

Luce. Pardon mee sir, I doe not know my selfe :

I am apt to swoond, and now the fit is past mee.

I thanke you for your helpe ; is master *Chartly*

Vanisht so soone :

Boyster. Yes : and to supply his place, see where thy father comes.

Father. Hee hath not such a suit, besides this gallant
Led by the arme a Bride, a lusty Bride ?

How much might I haue wrong'd the Gentleman.

By craving his acquaintance, this it is,

To haue dimme Eyes. Why looks my daughter sad.

I cry you mercy. Sir I saw not you.

Boyst. I would I had not seene you at this time neither,
farewell. *Exit.*

Luce. If hee be gone ? then call mee vent my grieve, I
Father I am vndone,

Father. Forbid it Heauen.

Luce. Disgrac't, despis'd, discarded, and cast off.

Father. How, mine owne child :

Luce. My Husband, O my husband ?

Fat her

The Wise woman of Hogsdon.

Father. What of him.

Luce. Shall I the shower of all my griefe at once,
Power out before you: *Charly*, once my husband
Hath left mee to my shame. Him and his Bride,
I met within few minutes.

Father. Sure t'was they.
I met them two, t'was hee; base villaine Iewe.
I'le to the Wedding boord, and tell him so:
Hee doo't as I am a man?

Luce. Bee not so rash.

Father. Hee line and dye vpon him;
Hee's a base fellow, so I'le prooue him too.

Ioseph my Sword,
This rashnesse will vndoe us.

Luce. Hee haue my Sword.

Father. It hath bin twice in *France*, and once in *Spaine*,
With *John a Gaunt*, when I was young like him
I had my wards, and foynes, and quarter-blowes:
And knew the way into *St. Georges fields*.
Twice in a morning, *Tuttle*, *Finsbury*?
I knew them all, ile too him, wher's my sword,
Or leane this spleene, or you will ouerthrow
Our fortunes quite, let us consult together,
What wee were best to doe.

Father. I'le make him play at Leap-frog, well I heare thee

Luce. I cannot prooue our marriage, it was secret,
And hee may find some cavell in the Law.

Father. I'le too him with no Law, but *Staffood Lawe*.
I'le ferret the false boy, nay on good *Luce*,

Luce. Part of your spleene, if you would change to counsel,
Wee might revenge us better.

Father. Well I heare thee.

Luce. To claime a publicke marriage at his hands:
Wee want sufficient prooffe, and then the world
Will but deride our folly, and so adde
Dubble disgrace vnto my former wrong.

The Wise woman of Hoggden.

To Law with him hee hath a greater purse,
And nobler friends, how then to make it knowne?

Father. Is this his damask'd kirtle fringed with Gold,
His blacke bagge, and his Beauer, tis well yet
I haue a Sword:

Luce. And I haue a project in my Braine begot,
To make his owne mouth witnes to the World
My innocence, and his incontinence?
Leaue it to mee, ile cleare my selfe from blame,
Though I the wrong, yet hee shall reape the shame.

Exeunt.

Enter Sencer like a Seruing-man.

Senc. Now or never, looke about thee *Sencer*, to morrow
is the Marriage day which to preuent, lyes not within the
compass of my apprehension, therefore I haue thus disgui-
sed my selfe, to goe to the Looming womans, the Fortune
tellers. The any thing, the nothing, this ouer against mo-
ther Red-caps is her house, ile knocke.

Enter 2. Luce in her boyes shape.

2. *Luce.* Whose there? What would you haue.

Sencer. I would speake with the wise gentlewoman of

2. *Luce.* O helike you haue lost somewhat. (the house.

Sencer. You are in the wrong sweete youth.

2. *Luce.* I am somewhat thicke of hearing, pray speake out.

Sencer. I say I haue not lost any thing, but wit and time,
And neither of those shes can helpe mee too:

2. *Luce.* Then you helike are crost in Love, and come to
know what successe you shall haue.

Sencer. Thou hast hit it sweete ladde; thou hast hit it.

2. *Luce.* What is it, you say sir?

Sencer. Thou hast hit it?

2. *Luce.* I pray come in, ile bring you to my Mistresse.

Exit.

Enter

The Wise-woman of Hogsdon.

Enter Luce and Ioseph.

Luce. This is the house, knock *Ioseph*, my businesse craues dispatch.

Ioseph. Now am I as angry, -as thou art timerous, and now to vent the next thing I meete, O tis the doore.

(knocks.

Enter 1. Luce.

2. *Luce.* Who's there, what are you.

Luce. A maid and a wife.

2. *Luce.* And that would grieue any wench to bee so, I know that by my selfe, not *Luce.*

Luce. Boy, where's your Mistresse.

2. *Luce.* In some private talke with a Gentleman ? Ile fetch her to you presently. *Exit.*

Luce. If shee and you see mee not, I am but dead, I shall be made, a by-word to the World : The scorne of women ; and my Fathers shame :

Enter Wise-woman and Sencer.

Wise-woman. You tell mee your name is *Sencer*, I knew it before, and that *Charly* is to bee married, I could haue told it you.

2. *Luce.* Married to morrow, O mee !

Sencer. Ey but you tell mee, that *Charly* before to morrow shall bee disappointed of his, make that good, Thou shalt haue twenty Angels.

Wise-woman. Ile doo't, stand aside, ile haue but a word or two with this Gentlewoman, and I am for you presently.

Luce. O ! Mother, mother. *(They whisper.*

2. *Luce.* My husband marry another wife tomorrow ? O changeable destinie, no sooner married to him, but instantly to loose him. Nor death it grieues mee so much that I am a wife, but that I am a maid too, to carry one of them

The Wise-woman of Hogsdan.

well is as much as any is bound to doe, but to be tid'e to both, is more then flesh and blood can indure.

Wise-woman. Well trust to mee, and I will sell all things straight.

Enter Boyster.

Boyster. Wher's this Witch, this hagge, this beldan, this wisard, and haue I found thee, thus then will I teare, mumble and maule thee.

Wise-woman. Helpe, helpe, and if you be a gentleman.

Sencer. Forbeare this rudenesse, hee that touches her, Drawes against mee.

Boyster. Against you sir, apply thou, that shall be tride.

All. Helpe, helpe, part them helpe.

Sencer. With patience heare her speake.

Boyster. Now Trot, now Granam, what canst thou say for thy selfe: what *Luce* heare be patient and put vp them, shee must not see the end.

Sencer. Than trince of all sides, if wee come for counsell, Let us with patience heare it:

Luce. Then first to mee.

Wise-w. You would preuent young *Charllys* marriage, you shall: harke in your care.

Luce. It pleaseth mee.

Wise-w. You-forestall *Gratians* wedding, 'tis but thus.

Sencer. Ile doo't.

Wise-w. You would inioy *Luce* as your wife, and lye with her to morrow night. Harke in your care.

Boyster. Fiat.

Wise-woman. Away, you shall inioy him, you are married, *Luce* away, you shall see *Charlly* discarded from *Gratiana*, *Sencer* bee gon, and if I fayle in any of these or the rest, I lay my selfe open to all your displeasures.

Boyster. Farewell till soone:

Wise-woman. You know your meeting place.

All. Wee doe?

Wise-woman.

The Wise-woman of Hogsden.

Wifeoman. You shall report mee wiser and cunning
too. *Exit.*

2. *Luce.* Ile adde one night more to the time, I haue said.
I haue not many I hope to line a maid. *Exit.*

*Enter Taber and sir Boniface with a Trencher, with
broken meats and a Napkin.*

Taber. Fye, fye, what a time of trouble is this to morrow
to morrow is my mistresse to be married, and wee seruing-
men are so pussed.

Sir Boniface. The dinner's halfe done, and before I say
Grace, and bid the old Knight and his guest proface.

A medicine from your trencher, good M. *Taber.*

As good a man as ere was sir *Saber* :

Well thinke it no shame, men of learning and wit, say stu-
dy gets a stomacke, friend *Taber* a bit.

Taber. Lick cleane good sir *Boniface*, and saue the scrä-
per a labour.

Enter Sencer like a Servingman.

Sir Boniface. But soft let mee ponder :
Know you him that comes yonder ?

Taber. Most heartily welcome, would you speake with
any heere.

Senc. Pray is the yong gentleman of the house at leisure.

Taber. Meane you the Bridegroome M. *Chartly.*

Sencer. I haue a Letter for him. You seeme to be a gen-
tleman your selfe, acquaint him with my attendance, and I
shall rest yours in all good offices.

Taber. Sir *Boniface*, pray keepe the gentleman company
I will first acquaint your lippes with the vertue of the
Seller.

Sir Boniface. *A desdem* come neere, and tast of your beere.
Welcome, *sine dale*, for *puntis te vote*,

Exit.

Sencer

The Wise-woman of Hogsden.

Sencer. When I tast of your liquor.
Gramercy master Vicar.

Enter Taber with a bowle of Beere and a Napkine.

Taber. Most heartily welcome : your curtesie I beseech you, ply it off I intreate you, pray sir *Boniface* keepe the Gentleman company ; till I acquaint my yong master with his businesse.

Exit.

Sir Bonif. *Taber*, I shall besolas manns.

Sencer. A vostre seruitor.

*They dissemble
one to another*

Enter Haringsfield.

Harring. Hee what art thou,

Sencer. A banger on, if it please you :

Harring. And I a shaker off, ile not beare your gallows,
You shall not hang on mee.

Enter Chartly with his Napkin as from Dinner.

O. Mr Bridegroome.

Chartly. Gentlemen, the Ladies call vpon you to dance, they will be out of measure displeased, if dinner beeing done, you bee not ready to leade them a measure :

Harring. Indeede women love not to bee scanted of their measure.

Chartly. Fie sir *Boniface* : haue you forgot your selfe, Whilst you are in the Hall, there's never a whetstone for their wits in the Parler ?

Sir Boniface. I will enter and set an edge vpon their Ingenies.

Chartly. To mee sir, from whom ? a letter to her most deere, most louing, most kind friend Mr. *Chartly* these bee deliuered : sure from some wench or other I long to know the contents.

Sencer.

The Wise-woman of Hoxden.

Sencer. Now to cry quittance with you for my farewell
learn'd sir *Timothy*.

Charly. Good newes, as I liue, there's for thy paines my
good sir *Pandarus*: Hadst thou brought mee word my fa-
ther had turnd vp his heeles. Thou couldst scarcely haue
pleased mee better: (Hee reads) though I disclaime the
name of wife, of which I account my selfe altogether vn-
worthy, yet let mee claime some small interest in your loue,
this night I lye at the house where wee were married, (the
Wise-womans I meane) where my maiden-head is to bee
rifled, bid fayre for it, and inioy it, see mee this night or ne-
ver, so may you marrying *Gratiana*, and louing mee, haue
a sweete wife and a true friend: This night or never, your
quondam wife: Hereafter your poore sweet-heart no other:
Luce. So when I am tyr'd with *Gratiana*, that is when I
am past grace. With her I can make my rendevowz, ile not
slip this occasion, nor sleepe till I see her, thou art an honest
ladde, and maist prooue a good Pimpe in time. Canst thou
advise mee what colour, I may haue to compasse this com-
modity.

Sencer. Sir, shee this night expects you, and prepares a
costly banquet for you.

Charly. Ile goe, although the Devill and mischance looke
bigge,

Sencer. Feyne some newes that such a peece of Land is
falne to you, and you must instantly ride to take possession
of it, or which is more probable, cannot you perswade them
you haue receiv'd a letter that your Father lyes a dying.

Charly. You rogue, I would hee did but the name of
that newes is cal'd, too good to be true.

Sencer. And that if ever you will see him alive, you must
ride post into the Country.

Charly. Enough: if ever I prooue Knight errant thou
shalt see mine owne proper squire, for this thou hast fitted
mee with a plot, doe but waite heere note how I will man-
age it,

The Wise-woman of Hogsdon.

Taber my horse, for I must ride to night:

Taber. To night sir.

Chartly. So tell my Bride and Father, I haue newes that quite confounds my senses.

Enter Sir Harry, Gratiana and Harringsfield.

Gratiana. How ride to night, the marriage day to morrow And all things well provided for the feast.

O tell mee sweete, why doe you looke so pale.

Chartly. My Father, O my Father :

Grace. What of him.

Sir Harry. What of your father, Sonne ?

Chartly. If ever I will heere his aged tongue.

Preach to mee counsell, or his palsy hand,
Stroake my wild head, and blesse mee, or his eyes :
Drop teare by teare which they haue often done,
At my misgovern'd rioting youth.

What should I more, if ever I would see ;

The good old man aliue. Oh, Oh ?

Sencer. Goe thy wayes for thou shalt ha't.

Grace. But doe you meane to ride.

Chartly. Ey *Grace*, all this night.

Sencer. Not all the night without alighting sure :

You'l finde more in't then to get vp and ride,

Harring. The Gentlemans riding, bootes and spurres. !
Why *Taber* ?

Chartly. Nay *Grace*, now's no time.

To stand on scrupulous parting. Knewest thou my businesse,

Sencer. As shee shall knowe it :

Chartly. And how I meane this night to toyle my selfe.

Sencer. Marry hang you brock.

Chartly. Thou would be moane my travell.

Sencer. I know t'would grieue her :

Chartly. You father, *Grace*, good Mr *Harringsfield*.

You sir, and all pray for mee Gentlemen, that in this darke nights journey I may finde smooth way, sweete speed and all things to my minde.

The Wise-woman of Hogsdon.

Sir Harry. Wee'l see my sonnetake horse.

Exeunt.

Gratiana. But I will stay.

I want the heart to see him post away?

Sencer. Saue you gentlewoman, I haue a message to deliver to one *Mistresse Gratiana*, this should bee the Knights house her father.

Gratiana. It is: The message that you haue to her. You may acquaint mee with, for I am one That knowes the inside of her thoughts.

Sencer. Are you the Lady,

Gratiana. Sir I am the poore gentlewoman.

Sencer. There is a conning woman dwells not farre. At *Hogsdon* Lady, famous for her skill.

Besides some private talke that much concernes your fortunes in your love. Shee hath to shewe you this night if it shall please you walke so farre as to her house, an admirable suite.

Of costly needle worke, which if you please. You may by vnder-rate for halfe the valew. It cost the making, about sixe a clocke. You may haue view thereof, but otherwise. A Lady that hath craud the sight thereof: Must haue the first refusall.

Gratiana. Ile not fayle her.

My husband beeing this day rid from home.

My leasure fitly serues mee, thanke you *Mistresse*?

Sencer. At sixe a clocke.

Gratiana. I will not fayle the houre.

Exit.

Sencer. Now to sir *Harry*, his is the next place. To meete at *Hogsdon* his fayre daughter *Grace*.

Exit.

Actus 56. Scena prima.

Enter old M. Chartly as new come out of the Country

To inquire after his Sonne, and three or foure serving men with blew Coates to attend him.

The Wife-woman of Hagsden.

Old Chart. Good heaven ; This *London* is a stranger growne, and out of my acquaintance, this seauen yeares I haue not seene *Pauls* steeple, or *Cheape*, crosse.

Gyles.

Sir.

Old Chart. Hast thou not made inquiry for my Sonne.

Gyles. Yes sir, I haue askt about euery where for him, But cannot heare of him.

Old Chart. Disperse your selues, inquire about the *Tavernes*, *Ordinaryes*, *Bowle-alleyes*, *Teniscourts*, *Gaming-houses*. For there (I feare) hee will be found.

Gyles. But where shall wee heare of your worship againe.

Old Chart. At *Grace Church* by the *Conduit*, neere sir *Harry*, but stay, leane off a while your bootlesse search, had e're man such a wild braine to his sorrow, of such small hope, who when hee should haue married a sayre, a modest, and a vertuous maide, rich and reuenewed well, and even the night before the marriage day, tooke horse, road thence whether Heaven knowes, since the distracted virgin hath left her Fathers house, but neather found, yet in their search wee haue measured out much Ground.

Enter Sir Harry and Sencer.

Sencer. Your worship will bee there.

Sir Harry. Yes, not to fayle.

At halfe an houre past fixe, or before seauen.

Sencer. You shall not finde us at fixe and at seauen, Ile Warrant you : good health to your worship. *Exit.*

Sir Harry. Farewell good fellow,

At the *Wifewomans* house I know it well :
Perhaps shee knowes some danger touching mee.
I'le keepe mine houre.

Old Chart. Sir *Harry*, a hand a hand to balk you it were
fun.

I shall be bold to make your house mine Iane :

Sir

The Wife-woman of Hogsdon.

Sir Harry. Brother *Chartly* ; I am glad to see you.

Old Chart. Mee thinkes fir *Harry* you looke strangely on mee.

And doe not bid me welcome with an heart.

Sir Harry. And blame mee not to looke amazedly, To see you heare.

Old Chart. Why mee ?

Sir Harry. Come come, y'are welcome.

And now ile turne my strangenesse to true joy,

I am glad to see you well, and safe recovered,

Of your late grievous sicknesse.

Old Chart. The strange amazed lookes that you cast off

You put on mee, and blame mee not to wonder,

That you should talke of sicknesse to sound men,

I thanke my starres, I did not tast the griefe

Of inward paine or outward malady,

This seaven yeeres day.

Sir Harry. But by your favour brother,
Then let mee haue my wonder backe againe.

Old Chart. Before I quite part with it, let mee knowe,
Why you the name of brother put vpon mee.

In every clause, a name as strange to mee :

As my recovered sicknesse,

Sir Harry. You are plesant,

And it becomes you well, welcome againe,

The rather you are come just to the wedding.

Old Chart. What wedding fir.

Sir Harry. That you should aske that question :
Why of my daughter *Grace*.

Old Chart. Is *Grace* bestow'd ? Of whom I pray,

Sir Harry. Of whom, but of your sonne.

I wonder brother *Chartly*, and my friend,

You should thus play on mee.

Old Chart. But by your favour,

Were you tenne Knights *Sir Harry*, (take mee with you)

My sonne match with your daughter, my consent,

The Wise-woman of Hogsden.

Not worthy to bee crau'd.

Sir Harry. Nay, then I see :

You'l stirre my patience, know this forward match tooke
its first birth from you.

Old Chart. From mee ?

Sir Harry. From you.

Peruse this letter, know you your owne hand.

T'was well that I referu'd, your hand a witnesse
Against your tongue, you had best denie the Ioynter;
Of the three hundred pounds made to my daughter,
Tis that I know you ayme at, but your seale.

Old Chart. Shall not make mee approue it, I denye
This Seale for mine, nor doe I vouch that hand,
Your daughter and the dower, letter and all
I quite disclaime, sir *Harry* you much wrong mee.

Sir Harry. I can beare more then this, heape wrong on
wrong, and ile support it all, I for this time
Will cast my spleene behind mee, and yet heare mee,
This letter your sonne *Chartly* as from you,
Delivered mee. I like the motion well.

Old Chart. My spleen is further throwne aside then yours;
And I am full as patient, and yet heare mee;
My sonne's contracted to another maid,
Nay I am patient still, yet that I writ
This letter seald, this impresse I denye.

Sir Harry. Why then the jack your hand did counterfeit.

Old Chart. Why then hee did so, where's that vnthrif
speake?

Sir Harry. Some houre agoe, hee mounted and rid post.
To giue you visit whom hee said lay sicke
Vpon your death-bed.

Old Chart. You amaze mee sir.

It is an ill presage, hereon I see.

Your former salutation tooke its ground :

To see mee safe recovered of my sicknesse.

Sir Harry. Indeed it did, your welcome is a subject.

I cannot

The Wise-woman of Hogsden.

I cannot vse too oft, welcome againe,
I am sorry you this night must sup alone :
For I am else-where cald about some businesse,
Concerning what I know not, howers run on.
I must to *Hogsden*, high time I were gon. *Exit.*

Old Chart. Perhaps to the *Wise-womans*, shee may tell mee.
The fortunes of my sonne, this accident,
Hath bred in mee suspition, and strange feares.
I will not sup alone, but I protest,
mongst some this night. Ile play the intruding guest.
Exit with his serving-men.

*Enter the Wisewoman, Sencer, Luce and her
Father, 2. Luce.*

Wisew. But will sir *Harry* come.

Sencer. Presume hee will, and *Charly* too.

Father. Ile haue the knave by the eares.

Luce. Nay patience sir, leaue your revenge to mee.

Enter M. Boyster.

Boyster. Granam I am come according to promise.

Wisew. And welcome to the best hole that I haue in

Boyster. Good even. (*Hogsden*.)

Luce. Thanks sir, a good even may it prone,
That each may reape the fruits of their owne Love :

2. *Luce.* That shall bee my prayer too.

Boyster. Come what shall's doo.

Wisew. Withdraw, Ile place you all in severall roomes.
Where sit, see, but say nothing. *Exeunt.*

Enter Taber ushering Gratiana.

Taber. Heere sweete Mistresse, I know the place well e ver
Since I was heere to know my fortune.

Gratiana. Call mee some halfe an houre hence. *Exit.*

Enter

The Wise-woman of Hogsden.

Enter the Wisewoman and 2. Luce.

Wisew. Your Ladiship is most lovingly welcome. A low steole for the Gentlewoman boy: I made bold to send to you to take view of such a peece of worke, as I presume you haue seldome scene the like.

Gratia. Of whose doing, I pray.

Wisew. A friend of yours and mine. Please you withdraw Ile bring you too't.

2. Luce. Mistrisse.

Wisew. One calls sweet Lady, I shall doe you wrong, But pray you thinke my little stay not long:

Enter Sencer, sir Harry and Luce.

Sencer. Here sir in this retyring Chamber.

Sir Harry. Gramercy friend, how now; whats here to do A pretty wench and a close chamber too.

Luce. That you haue so much grac't my Mothers house, With your desired presence worthy Knight. Recciue a poore Maides thanks, who's there? a chayre And cushin for sir Harry.

Sir Harry. Thanks most sayre.

Luce. Please you but a few minutes heere to stay: Till my returne, ile not bee long away.

Sencer. The gentlewoman will waite on you by and by sir.

Sir Harry. And ile attend her friend, Of all those doubts I long to know the end::

Enter 2. Luce and old Chartly.

2. Luce. The Knight you seeke was heere, or will bee streight, and if you bee the man you name your selfe. You are most welcme, and you shall not backe, Till you haue scene sir Harry.

Old Chart. Gentle youth

I saw

I saw him enter here, and under priviledge of his acquaintance made I bold to stay.

s. Luce. And you are welcome sir, sit downe I pray.

Wife. Now they are plac't in severall rooms, that looke into this one. Were *Charly* come we had all our company.

Sencer. Harke, theres one knocks at *Charly* on my life.

Luce. One of you let him in whilst I prepare mee To entertaine his coming.

Enter young Charly. Vberd in by Sencer.

Charly. What bold acquaintance *Luce*. Not a word? Yet some lip labour if thou lovest mee.

Gratiana. My Husband?

Sir Harry. What young *Charly*?

Old Chart. How? My sonne.

Charly. Come come away with this wailing in woo, if thou purst finger in the eye a little longer, I shall plunge in paine too presently.

Luce. O husband, husband,

Anne. Husband?

Charly. What sayst thou my sweete wife,

Gratiana. Wife? O my hart.

s. Luce. In that name wife I chaine a poore childs part.

Luce. O husband; How haue you us'd mee?

Chart. Nay how doe I meane to use thee? But as a man should use his wife.

Gratiana. I hope her doth not meane to use her so.

s. Luce. I hope so too,

Wife. My granam is a Witch.

Chart. Nay *Luce*, his sweete wife leane weeping if thou lou'st mee.

Luce. O can you blame mee, knowing that the fountain of all these Springs tooke their first head, from you, you know, you must know, not three dayes since are past, since wee were married.

Gratiana. Married, I can indure no longer.

The Wife-woman of Hogsdon.

Sir Harry. It cannot bee.

Old Chart. It is not possible.

Boyster. Hee beeeven with thee, for this old granam.

Luce. And though wee wanted witnesse ypon earth,

Yet Heaven beares record of our Nuptiall Tye,

Chart. Tush, when wee meete in heaven, lets talk of that.

Nay come you ass, you foole, whats past is past.

Though man and wife, yet I must marry nowe.

Another gallant, heere's thy letter *Luce.*

And this night I intend to lodge with thee.

2. *Luce.* I'll scratch her eyes out first, Although I love her.

Chartly. Pretthe bee merry?

I haue made a gull of *Grace*, and old *fin Harry* thinks mee

a great way off, I tould the Knight,

My father lay a dying, tooke post horse,

Rid out of *Holburne*, turn'd by *Islington*,

So, hither wench to lodge all night with thee.

2. *Luce.* Heeres one saith nay to that,

Old Chart. Was that your journey?

Chartly. Why, I haue too much of *Grace* already.

Boyster. Thou hast no grace at all.

Chartly. Nay lets to bed, if thou couldst but imagin how
I loue thee *Luce.*

Luce. How is it possible you can loue mee, and goe about
to marry another.

Chartly. Dost thou not know *shee's* rich? Why you
foole as soone as I haue got her dowre, it is but giuing her
a dram, or a pill to purge melancholy, to make her thine vp
her heeles, and then with all that wealth, come I to lye with
thee my sweete raskall.

Gratiana. Shee thanks you, and is much beholding to you.

Chartly. I am betraide.

Gratiana. Art thou my suiser? wouldst thou marry mee,
And thy first wife aliue, then poyson mee,
To purchase my poore dowre.

Chart.

The Wife-monger of Hogsdon.

Charly. What shall I say, or thinke, or doe, I am at a Nonplus.

Gratiana. Hast thou the face, thou brazen impudence, To looke vpon mee past grace.

Chart. Thou canst not properly call mee past grace, for I neuer inioy'd thee yet. I cannot tell, whether I blush or no, but I haue now at this time, More Grace, then I can tell what to doe with.

Gratiana. Who drew thee to this folly?

Charly. Who but the old dotard thy Father, who when I was honestly married to a civill maide; hee perswaded mee to leane her, I was loath at first, but after intreating, vrging, and offering mee large proffers, I must confesse I was seduc't to come a wooing to thee.

Grace. My father, villaine.

Chart. By chy father *Grace.* And were he heere I would Iustifie it to the old dotards face.

Sir Harry. Vil'd boy thou dar'st not bee so impudent. When did I meete thee, seeke or sue to thee:

When? Name the day, the month, the houre, the year.

Charly. Plots, plots, I can but cry you mercy both, Say that I haue done you wrong, I can bee but sorry for it, but indeede to cleare you, and lay the fault where it ought to bee. All this comes from mine owne father in the country, who hearing I had married with *Lore.* Sends mee word of his blessing to bee divorst from her, and to come a suiter to your daughter, I thinke you haue his hand and seale to show.

Old Chart. My hand and seale, when was that letter writ,

Chart. Heyda, if you get one word more of mee to night, but scurvy lookes, ile giue you leane to hang mee.

Sir Harry. Wilde boy.

Old Chart. Vngracious villaine.

Gratiana. Trecherous youth.

Sir Harry. No grace at all.

Chart. No grace.

The Wife woman of Hogden.

Chart. This is bad company, who hath seduc't thee & speake on my blessing, who hath thus misled thee. But no more lyes I charge thee.

Chart. Bad company hath bin the shame of mee, I was verminously given as any youth in Europe, till I fell into one Boysters company, tis hee that hath done all the harme upon mee.

Boyster. I.

Chart. And if hee should deny it?

Boyster. What then you'd cry him to the wall.

Chart. I had belibute out my tongue, and speake no more what shall I doe, or what shall I say, there is no one facing them all: Gentlemen, Fathers, wiues, or what else. I haue wrongd you all. I confesse it that I haue. what would you more, will any of you rayle of mee? Hee care it, will any of you beat mee? So they strike not too hard. Hee suffer it, will any of you challenge mee? Hee answer it. What would you haue mee say, or doe? One of these I haue married, the other I haue betrothed, yet both maides for mee; Will you haue mee take one, and leaue the other? I will, will you haue mee keepe them both? I will.

Father. Periuured nor mine.

Chart. What you heere too? Nay then I see all my good friends are met together, wilt thou haue mee *Luce*? I am thy Husband, and had I not leu'd thee better then *Grace*? I had not disappointed the marriage day to morrow.

Luce. Lasciuious no.

Charly. Wilt thou haue mee *Grace*, for had I not leu'd thee better then *Luce*. I would never after I had married her bin contracted to thee.

Grace. Inconstant no.

Chart. Then neither married man, widdow nor bachelier, whats to bee done? Heeres even the proverbe verifi'd betweene too stooles, the taylor goes to ground.

Sir Harry. Now I bothinke mee this enmeeting here is wondrous strange, call in the Gentlewoman that owne this house.

Enter.

The Wiseman of Hogsdon.

Enter Sencer and the Wisewoman, Hee like a gentleman.

Boysser. Old trot, ile trounce thee.

Here is the marriage pr ou'd twixt *Lucce* and *Charly*, witch this was not your promise.

Wisew. Haue patience, and in the end wee'l pay you all. Your worships are most hartily welcome, I made bold to fend for you, and you may see to what end, which was to discover vnto you, the wilde vagaryes of this, of this wanton wag pasty, a wil-doates I warrant him, and sir *Harry* that your daughter hath scapt this shoothing, thanke this gentleman, and then make of him as hee deserves.

Sir Harry. O, I remember him.

Grace. Hee never pleas'd mine eye so well as now. I know his Love, and hee in *Charlyes* place My favour shall possesse.

Sencer. Thanks my Iweete *Grace*.

Sir Har. Ey and the more the inconstans youth to spight. *Sencer.* I gaue her thee in *Charlyes* sight.

Chart. There's one gone already, but this is my wife and her ile keepe in spight both of the Devill and his dam.

Wisew. Not from her lawfull Husband.

Chart. That am I.

Wisew. That is the Gentleman, accept him *Lucce*. And you then like of her, nay ile make it good, This gentleman married you vizarded, you him disguis'd mistaking him for *Charly*, which none but my boy *Jack* was priuy too; after shee chang'd her habit with him, as you with *Jack*.

And you in mistresse *Lucce*s habit.

Lucce. May I belceue you mother.

Wisew. This bee your token.

Boyss. Her that I married, I wrong twice by the finger.

Lucce. Of that token, my hand was sensible.

Boyss. And ere the clamorous and loud noise bee gene, I whisperd to her thus.

The Wise-woman of Hagsden.

Luce. You are the man, *Boyfer.* Thanks granam, what thou promist thou hast

done.

Father. And leauing him, I take you for my sonne.

Chart. Two gone, then wheres the third, this makes mee mad, where is my wife then, for a wife I had.

Wife. Not see thy wife. Come hither jack my boy. Nay take him to thee, and with him all joy.

Old Chart. Well art thou seru'd to bee a generall scorne, To all thy bloud : and if not for our sakes, For thy soules health and credit of the world, Haue some regarded to mee, to mee thy father.

Chartly. Enough sir : if I should say I would become A new man ; You would not take my word. If I should sweare. I would amend my life, You would not take mine oath, if I should bind my selfe, to become an honest man you would scarce take my bond.

Old Chart. I should doe none of these.

Chartly. Then see sir, when to all your judgements I see me past grace, doe I lay hold of Grace, and heere begin to retyre my selfe, this woman hath lent mee a glasse, in which I see all my imperfections, at which my conscience doth more blush inwardly, then my face outwardly, and now I dare confidently vndertake for my selfe I am honest.

2. *Luce.* Then I dare confidently vndertake to helpe you to a wife who desires to haue an honest man or none, looks on mee well, simple though I stand heere I am your wife, blush not at your folly man, perhaps I haue more in mee, then you expect from mee.

Chartly. Knavery and riot both which, are now to mee meane forige.

2. *Luce.* You and I haue bin better acquainted and yet search mee not too farre least you shame mee, looke on mee well, nay better, better yet, ile assure you I left of a petticoate when I put on these breeches, What say you now, shee skatters her hayre.

Chart.

The Wifewoman of Hogsdon.

Chart. First loue, and best beloved?

2. Luce. Let mee be both or neither,

Wifew. My boy turn'd girle I hope shee'l keepe my counsell from henceforth, ile never entertaine any servant but ile haue her searcht.

Old Chart. Her loue hath drawne her hither after him.
My loving daughter welcome thou hast runne,
A happy course to see my sonne thus chang'd.

Chartly. Father, call mee once againe your sonne, and
fir *Harry* mee your friend: *Senser* an hand, and mistresse
Grace an hart, in honourable loue. Where I haue wrong'd
you *Luce* forgiue. Impute my errours to my youth not mee,
with *Grace* I interchange, an imbrace with you *Luce*, a
parting busse I wish you all joy, deuide my heart amongst
you, thou my soule.

Nay mother midnight theres some loue for you.

Out of thy folly, beeing reputed wise,

Wee, selfe conceated haue our follyes found:

Beare thou the name of all these comick acts.

Luce, *Luce* and *Grace*, (O covetous man) I see,

I sought to ingrosse what now sufficeth three.

Yet each one wife, enough, one Nuptiall Feast:

Shall serue three Bridalls where, bee thou chiefe guest.

Exeunt omnes.

Explicat Actus 36.

HIS CHOSEN FRIEND
the learned Author Mr

Thomas Heywood.

Thou want'st no Herald, & don't go by name,
Thou need'st no Apologie; Only thy name
Thy justicious Reader, will refuse
To will'to make a Lawrell to thy Muse.
Was now Mæcenas living, How would hee
Support thy learned wit? Whose industry
Hath purchas'd such a knowing shell? That those
Whoead admire thee, lesse some Criticks shew
His Ignorance in seeking with new Songs,
To gaine the honour, wh' th' to thee belongs.
But let pale Envy detest such all her rage,
Thy Candid spirit shall still be in the same
Vnsuspected, pure, and free, in memory
Be turn'd oblivion, or a Dust,
Prone mortall; And when Atropos shall doe
The small office, her belongs unto,
Apollo will rebreath a life in thee,
In length to equall all eternitie
Where in Elyzian joyes hee will so raise
Thy worth where never wither shall thy dayes
Wherewith hee crownes thee; So thy works will show
The Debt, I pay 'sno more but what I owe.



SAMUEL KING

FINIS.

1346. 6
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6. 24. 9. 19
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The late Lancashire WITCHES.

A well received Comedy, lately
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